

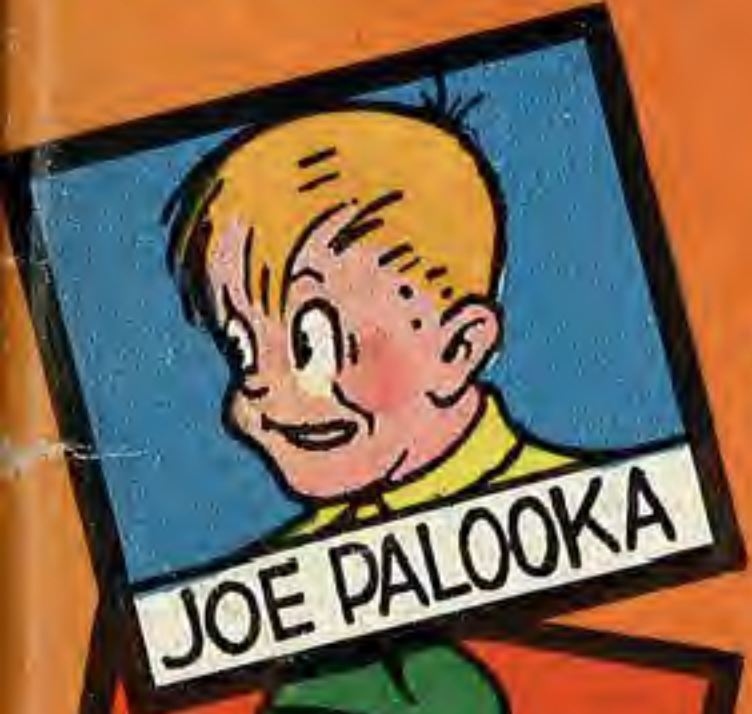


FEATURE

FUNNIES

APRIL

GOSH, UNCLE PHIL—YOU MIGHTA KNOWN IT WAS AN APRIL FOOL CIGAR IF MR. HOULIHAN GAVE IT TO YOU!



BANG!



— STARRING —
"OFF THE RECORD"
By ED REED
STRANGE AS IT SEEMS
— By JOHN —

NO. 19 10

LANK LEONARD

**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

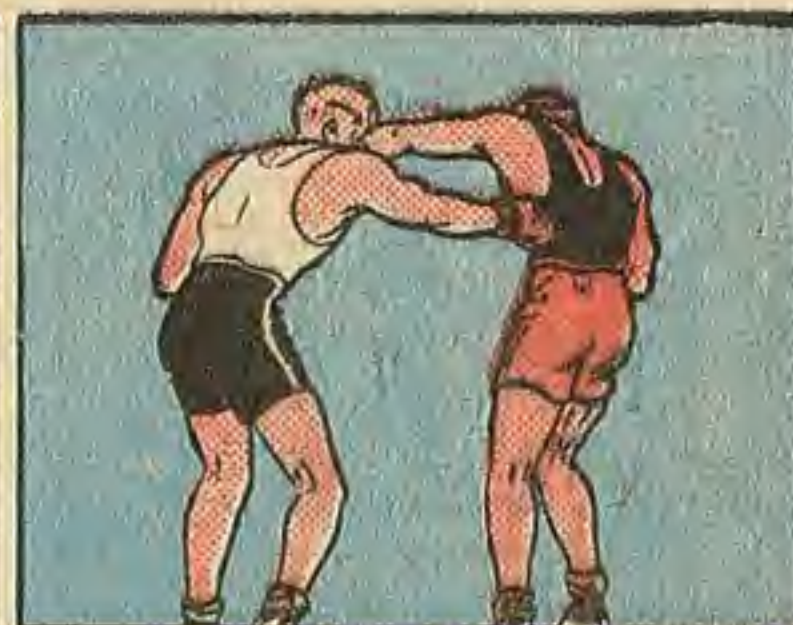
JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

by HAM FISHER

AS JOE DUCKS UNDER A LEFT SWING, HE NOW HAS AN OPEN TARGET TO HIT.



AND JOE QUICKLY SHOOTS HIS RIGHT TO THE RIBS. PRACTICE THIS BLOW.



JOE PALOOKA

McNaught Syndicate Inc.

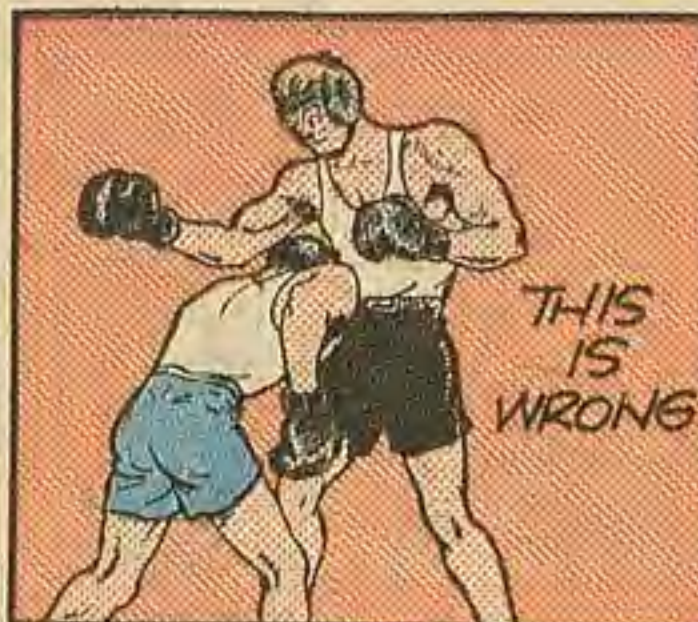
By HAM FISHER



JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

by HAM FISHER

REMEMBER THAT JARRING OR STRIKING YOUR MAN WITH YOUR SHOULDER IS ALWAYS A FOUL!



THIS IS WRONG

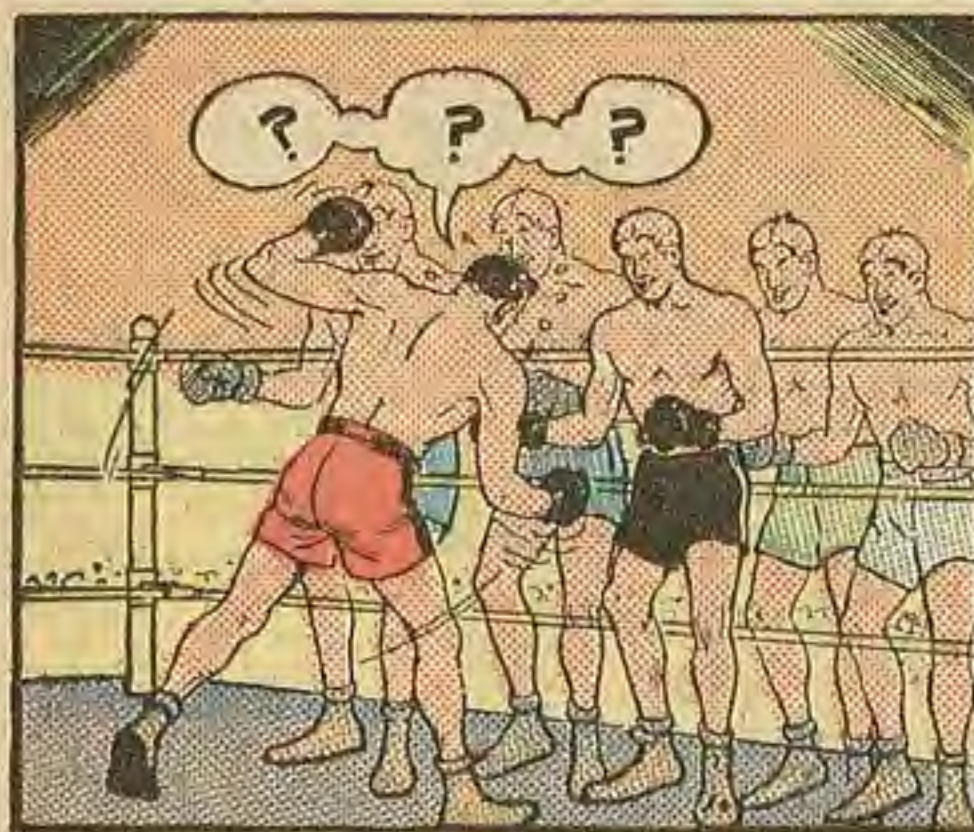
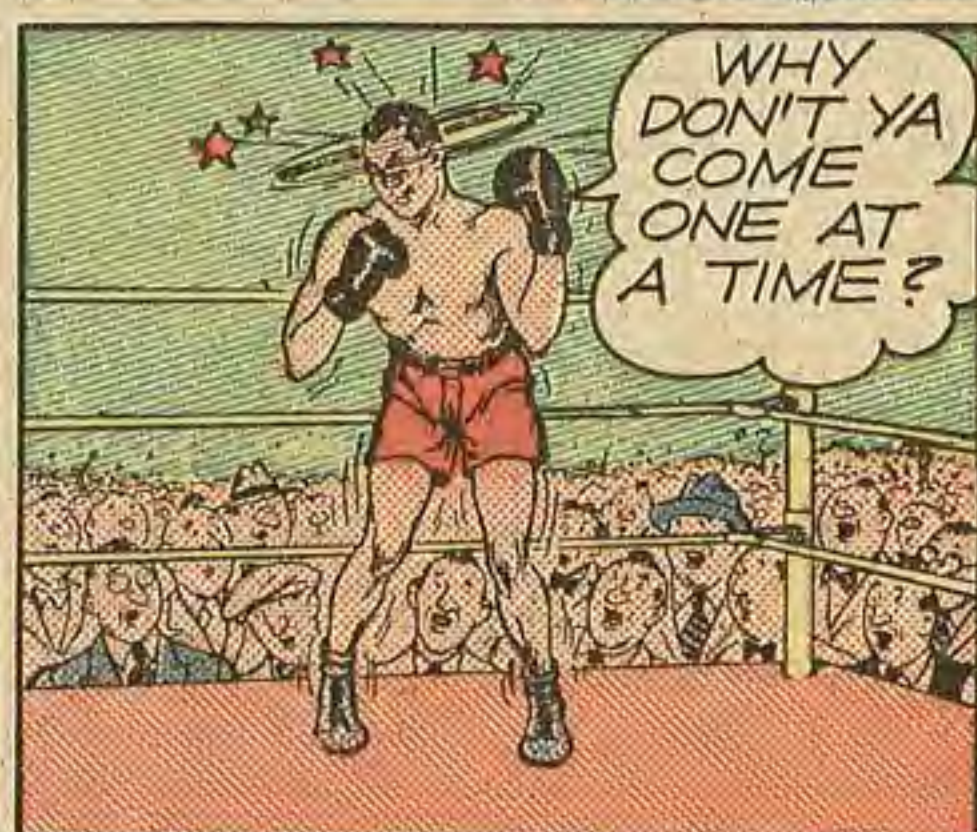
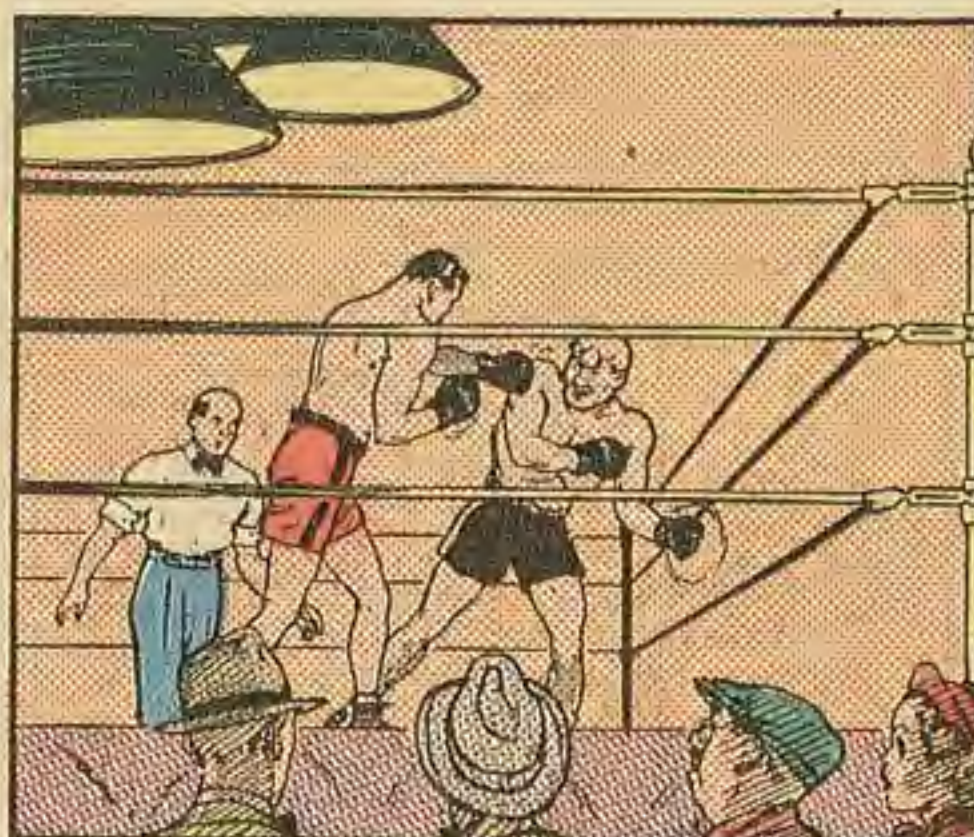
ALSO, HITTING WITH THE OPEN GLOVE IS FOUL-- AND VERY DANGEROUS. ALWAYS AVOID THIS!



JOE PALOOKA

McNaught Syndicate Inc.

By HAM FISHER



JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

by HAM FISHER

WE ASKED BENNY LEONARD TO GIVE OUR READERS SOME POINTERS ON THE ART OF BOXING--



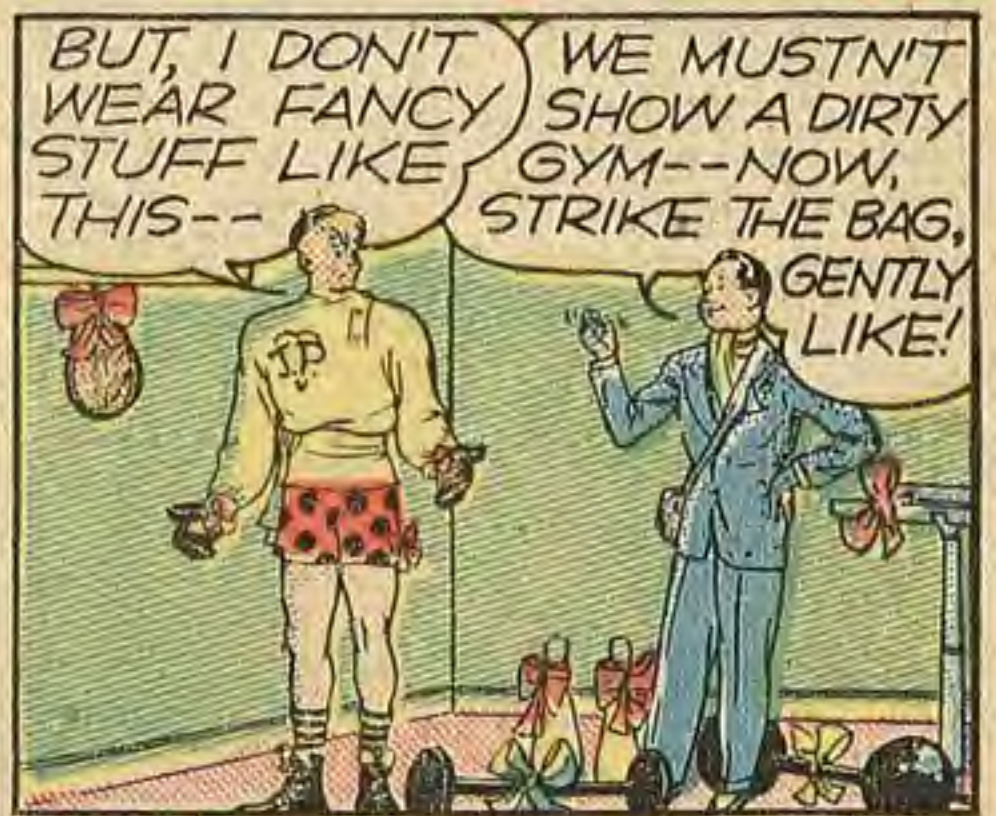
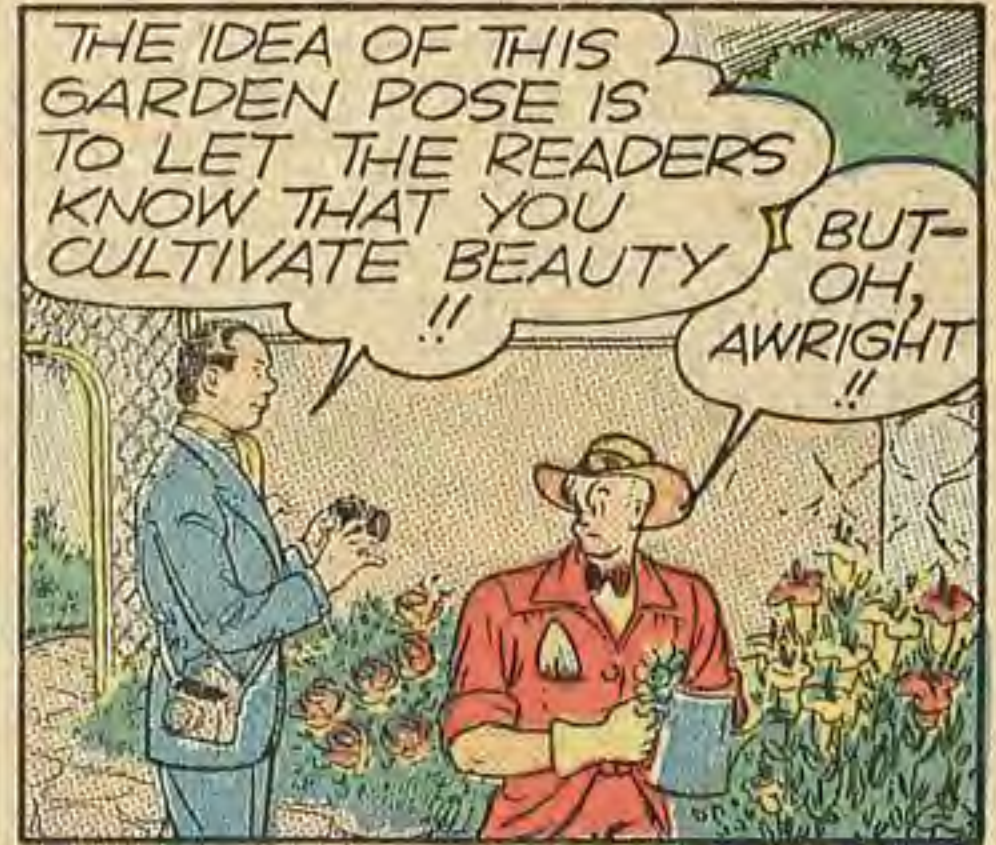
BENNY SAYS THIS BLOW SLOWS UP YOUR MAN--THAT IT ISN'T DANGEROUS--AND IT TAKES THE STARCH OUT OF ANY BOXER--



JOE PALOOKA

McNaught Syndicate Inc.

By HAM FISHER



JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

by HAM FISHER

THE "LOOP THE LOOP" PUNCH CAN BE VERY EFFECTIVE IF USED IN CLINCHES



IF YOU HAVE YOUR LEFT ON YOUR MAN'S RIGHT SHOULDER OR EVEN HIS LEFT

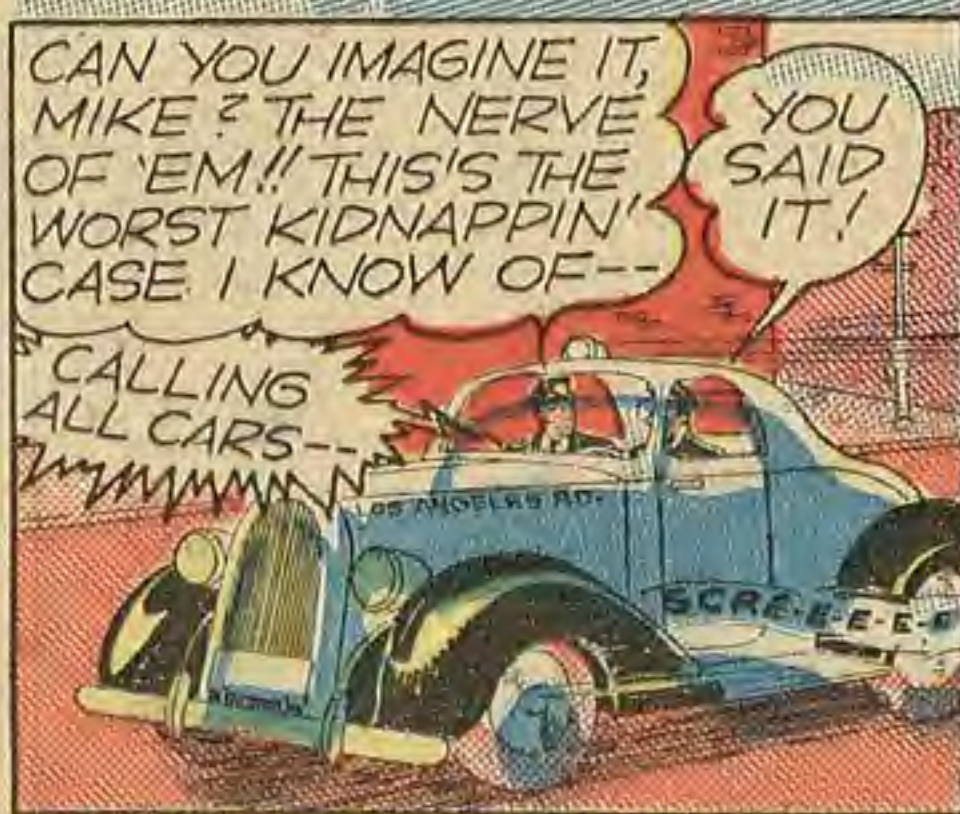


LOOP YOUR RIGHT UNDER YOUR OWN LEFT AS IN FIGURE TWO

JOE PALOOKA

McNaught Syndicate, Inc.

By HAM FISHER



CONTINUED

Follow Joe Palooka in the May issue--on sale March 31st.

THEY'RE STILL TALKING

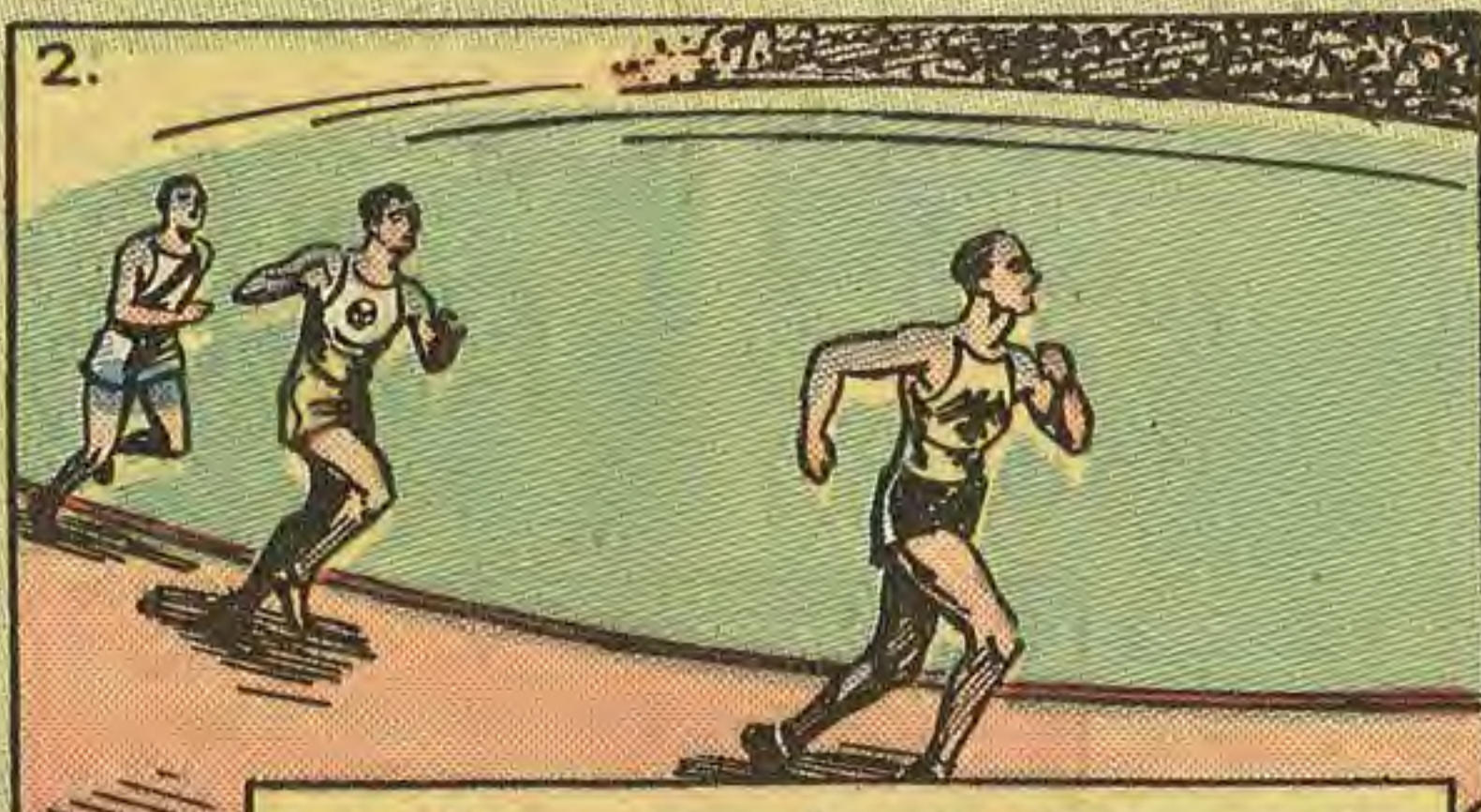
About the Run that Crushed Germany's Dr Otto Peltzer.

1.

They're away! The flying German, Dr. Peltzer, Ray Dodge of the Illinois A.C., Leo Larivee of the Chicago A.C. Last, and off to a bad start, is Ray Conger of Iowa State college.



2.

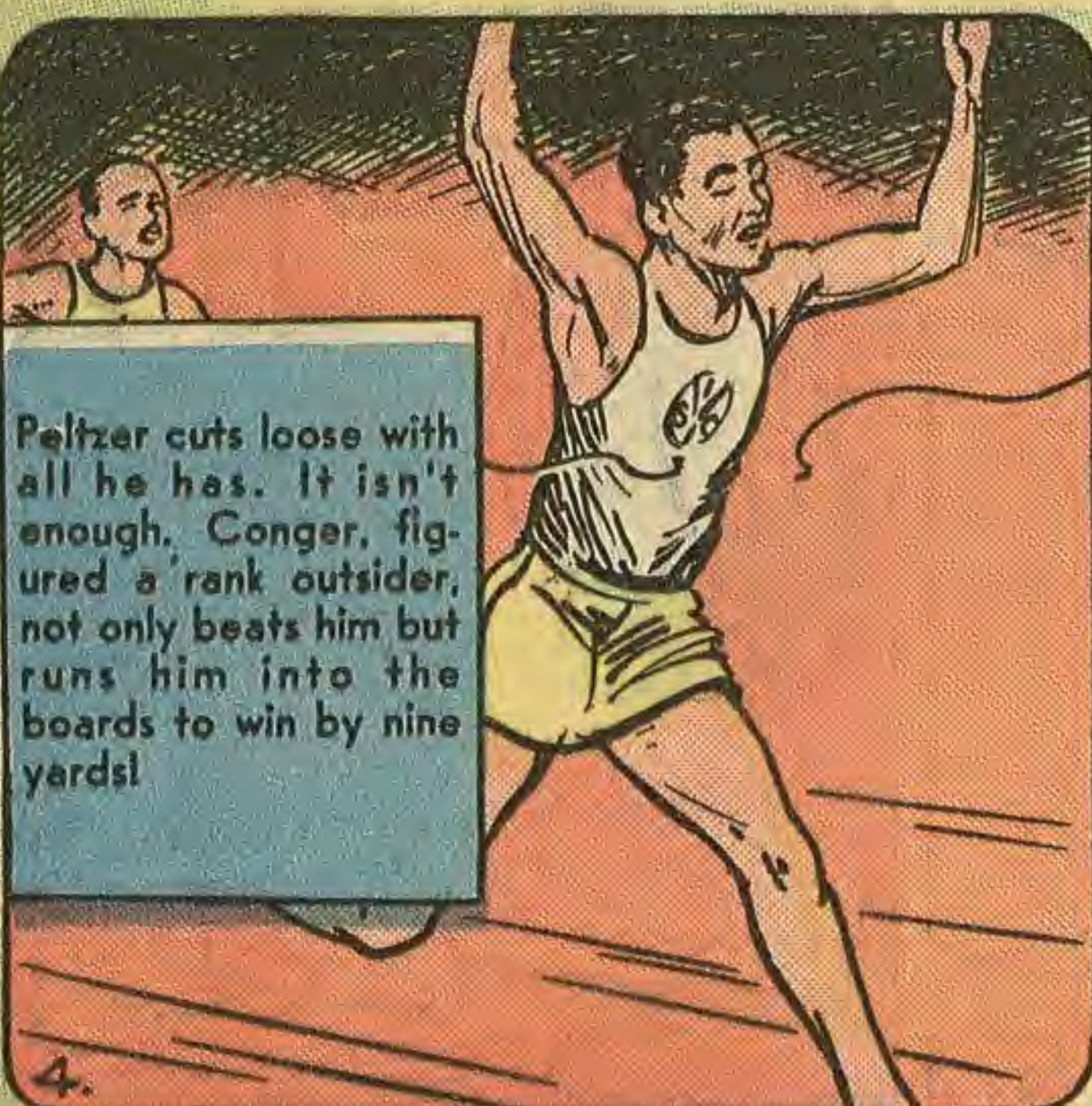


Timing his surprise rush perfectly, Conger does not make his bid until the gun lap, turning on the steam as he rounded the first turn into the back stretch.

3.



Half way through the back stretch, Conger pulls abreast of the supposedly unbeatable German. Surprised, Dr. Peltzer falters slightly as they round the last turn into the home stretch.



Peltzer cuts loose with all he has. It isn't enough. Conger, figured a rank outsider, not only beats him but runs him into the boards to win by nine yards!

They cheered for fully five minutes that night of Feb. 10, 1928, at Chicago, ladies and gentlemen, when this boy, Ray Conger, crushed the German sensation in that 1000-meter feature.

5.



JANE ARDEN

by Monic Barrett and Russell E. Ross

AS MINNIE KELVIE NOW LEARNS THE SECRET OF SETH KRINER'S NEWLY-FOUND RICHES

REAL DIAMONDS FROM YOUR FARM?

SURE--I GOT PLENTY OF 'EM!

HE GAVE ME A HANDFUL!! DO I GET MY \$100 NOW?

WE'LL SEE IF THEY'RE REAL!

YES--THEY'RE GENUINE!! MUST BE WORTH A FORTUNE!

WHAT?? THIS IS BIG NEWS!

I TELL YA MINNIE WAS HERE WITH A FISTFUL OF DIAMONDS!!

THAT'S SETH'S SECRET--IT'S DIAMONDS!

AN' OUTA TH' GROUND!!

POOR IRA! HE DON'T KNOW THAR'S A FORTUNE IN THAT LAND!

HOW MUCH FER THAT FARM NEXT T'SETH'S, IRA?

WAL, THE HIGHEST BID TAKES IT!

DIAMONDS! AND SCRAGGS WAS FIRST TO KNOW! YET HE'S SELLING THE LAND!!

ANY FARMS LEFT NEAR SETH'S, IRA?

WAIT YOUR TURN!

I HEAR THAT LAND'S FULLA DIAMONDS!

HM--I'VE A HUNCH THAT THIS IS A SCHEME OF SOME SORT!

YOU WANT TO SEE ME?

I'D LIKE TO SEE THOSE DIAMONDS, MINNIE--ALSO TO TALK A LITTLE ABOUT SETH AND IRA!

LENA DRY
I'M OBLIGED TO YOU DAN'L FOR RUNNING HIM OFF!
GUESS THAT WISE ALECK JEEPS WILL STAY 'WAY NOW!

WAL, YO' AIN'T PURTY BUT YER GRUB'S GOOD--AN' I MIGHT HAVE WIFIN' IN MIND, LENA!
AW, DAN'L--STOP THAT BALMY CHATTER!

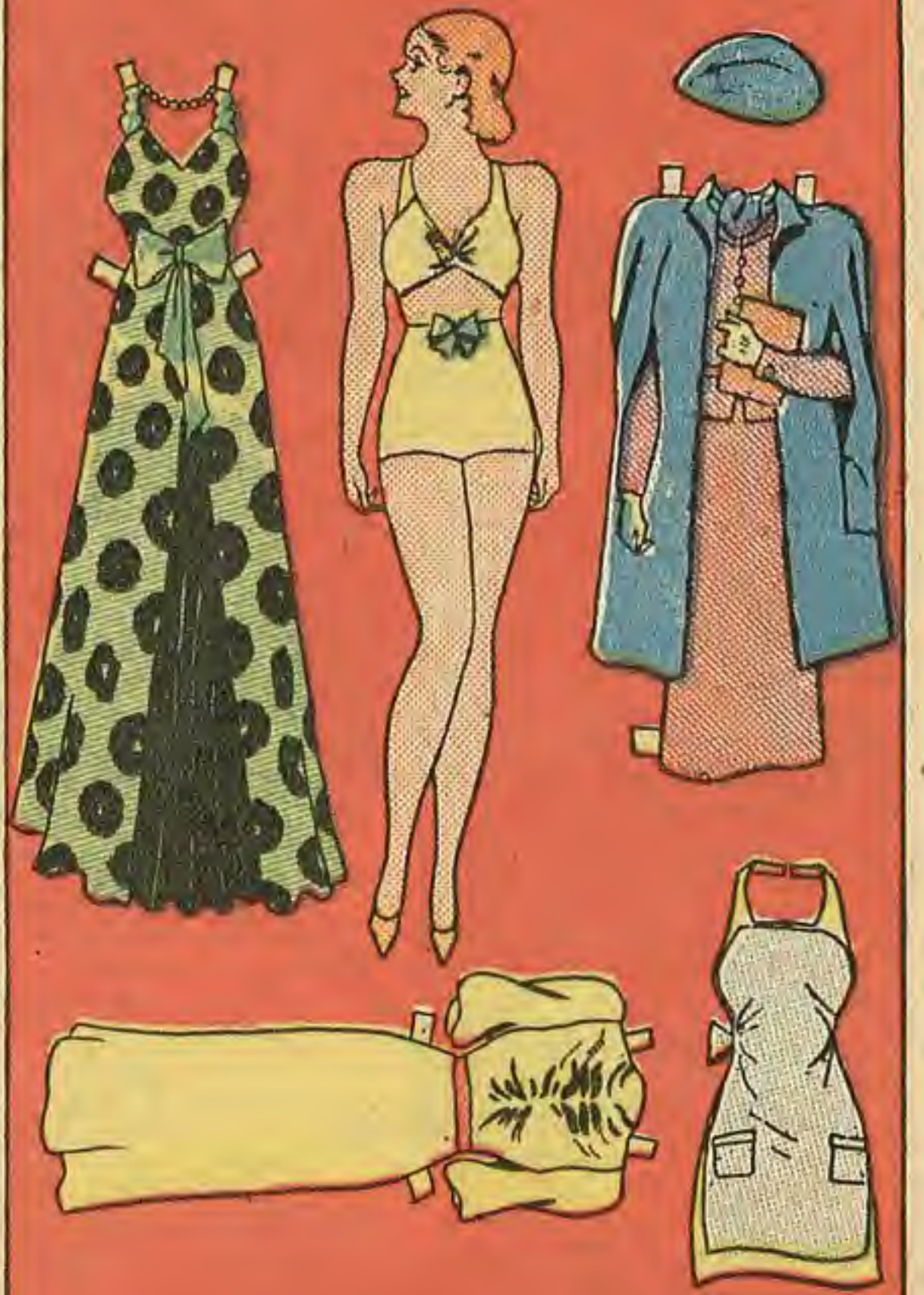
SHUCKS, I'M TOO SET IN MAH WAYS T'GIT ALL UNWOUND NOW FER ANY GAL!
W-WHAT'S THAT?
DOG MY CATS!

IT'S A BANSHEE! WHAR'S MY FOWLIN' PIECE?
A G-GHOST!! OH, DAN'L--THIS IS TERRIBLE!

WAL, I'VE KILT LOTSA CRITTERS--SO, GOOD BYE, MISTER BANSHEE!!
WHOOEE!
BANG!

HAW-HAW!! JES' BULLETS DON'T HURT ME NONE! EEEOWW!!
HALP!! I-I DRILLED 'TWEEN TH' EYES AN' HE DIDN'T S'MUCH AS BLINK!

JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE



JANE ARDEN

by Monte Garrett and Russell E. Ross

SURE! SETH GAVE 'EM TO ME-- HE'S GOT PLENTY MORE!!

DIAMONDS EH??

MINNIE, YOU'RE TOO NICE TO BE IN ANY CROOK'S SCHEME. WHY NOT TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT?

B-BUT, I-I DIDN'T DO ANY-THING WRONG!

ONLY SQUIRE SCRAGGS OFFERED ME \$100 IF I'D DO IT!

YOU, IRA AND SETH MADE THIS UP BETWEEN YOU--

NO! IRA WANTED T'KNOW HOW SETH GOT HIS MONEY-- THAT'S ALL!

HMM--IF SETH FOUND **REAL** STONES HE WOULDN'T TELL HER! AND IRA WOULD NEVER SELL THE LAND!

I BID \$250 AN ACRE !!

I BID \$300!!

ANY MORE BIDS? RIGHT NEXT SETH'S !!

THE FOOLS!! THAT LAND ISN'T WORTH \$40 AN ACRE--WHAT A CROOK !!

YOU'RE SETH KRINER, AREN'T YOU? I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU--

HUH??

I'M INTERESTED IN YOUR DIAMONDS-- WHY DON'T **YOU** BUY THE FARM LAND NEAR YOU?

SHUCKS, ONE FARM'S PLENTY! I'M TOO RICH NOW !!

OH, THAT'S TOO BAD-- I WAS GOING TO OFFER YOU \$1,000 TO HELP ME, BUT--

HEY!! WAIT!! I AIN'T TOO RICH T'EARN \$1,000 !!!

LENA PRY

ARE TH' BANSHEE GONE, LENA?

SILLY!! IF IT WAS ANY GHOST WHY DIDN'T IT HARM ME WHEN I FAINTED?

RECKON HE THINKED YE WERE DEAD, LENA!

HEAVENS-- YOU CAN'T FOOL SPOOKS-- IF THERE IS SUCH A THING!!

HMM--I GOTTA THINK THIS OUT-- DID YE MISS ANYTHING LATELY?

YES--A PIE WAS TAKEN!

--AND RIGHT OFF THE KITCHEN WINDOW TOO!

WAL, GUESS GHOSTS LIKE NICE GRUBJES! LIKE REG'LAR FOLKS, EH?

NOW I BET THIS BANSHEE HANGS 'ROUN' FER MORE VITTLES---

AFTER EATING A WHOLE PIE??

LISSEN, T'NIGHT WE SET A PIE IN TH' ELM TREE FER THIS BAN-SHEE-- THEN HELL LET US ALONE !!

I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN IT! I'LL HAVE T'BAKE THE PIE !!

JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE

JANE ARDEN

by Monte Harrett and Russell E. Ross

'COURSE I'M RICH NOW WITH THEM DIAMONDS ON MY FARM, BUT I'M ALWEEZ READY TA MAKE \$1,000!

OH, I KNOW YOU'RE MAKING PLENTY--- THAT'S WHY I'D LIKE TO TRY THIS RACKET!

DO YOU AND SCRAGGS SPLIT FIFTY-FIFTY? HE'S ALREADY TAKEN IN THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS TODAY!

D'YA THINK HE HAS?

I'LL GIVE YOU AS MUCH AS HE DOES-- HOW MUCH DOES HE GIVE YOU?

YOU AND I COULD PULL THIS GAG SOMEWHERE ELSE.

SURE! I BEEN GONNA LEAVE HERE ANYWAY -- BUT, WE'D HAFTA BUY CHEAP LAND, AN' THAT TAKES MONEY!!

YOU MADE TH' TIGHT- HERE--- WAD ONLY GAVE ME \$1,000!

WE'LL EACH PUT IN HALF!

WHY, HE'S MAKING A FORTUNE!

GIVE US A DISH OF CREAM!!

I DIDN'T THINK THE MISER'S IDEE WOULD MAKE SO MUCH!

YOU COULD SPOIL THINGS FOR HIM!

AN' I'LL DO IT TOO, IF HE DON'T PAY ME MORE!

MAYBE YOU SHOULD TALK TO HIM!

YOU BET'CHA I WILL! I'LL GET ENOUGH OUTA HIM T'WORK TH' GAME OURSELVES!

YOU WAIT HERE-- I'LL TALK T'HIM!

THAT'S IT!! REMEMBER, HE'S MADE A FORTUNE! TELL HIM HE COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT WITHOUT YOU!

HMM-- THIS DINT' YE BAKE ONE FER ME TOO?

LENA PRY

DIN'T YE BAKE ONE FER ME TOO?

YOU'RE NO GHOST! I BAKED THIS FOR SPOOK BAIT!

SHUCKS!! AN' MY POOR MOUTH JES' WATERIN' FER PIE!

TWO HOURS LATER

(WAL, TH' GHOST AIN'T SHOWED UP YET! I'M GOIN' T'BED!

GUESS WE WON'T SEE ANY FOOL GHOST TONIGHT. OH, I DON'T BELIEVE IN THEM ANYWAY!

IF THAT BANSHEE DON'T WANT IT THAR'S NO USE IN WASTIN' A NICE JUICY PIE!

NOW THAT DAN'L IS ASLEEP I'LL EAT THAT PIE MYSELF!

HEEEN!

HOW COME YA GO SCREAM- IN' AN' ALL AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT, GAL?

OH, DAN'L- THAT GHOST TOOK THAT PIE RIGHT BEFORE MY VERY EYES!!

JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE



JANE ARDEN

by Monte Barrett and Russell E. Ross

TOLD BY JANE OF THE FORTUNE IRA SCRAGGS HAS MADE, SETH WANTS A BIGGER SHARE.

MAYBE HE'LL TRY T'BEAT ME OUTA THIS!

HE WONT! IF YOU TALK IT'LL RUIN HIM!

CAN'T YOU SEE I'M BUSY, SETH? STEP INTO MY OFFICE AN' WAIT!

SCRAGGS E-MONEY TO LET

NO SIR! YOU COME ALONG IN OR---

YA SAY THEY'RE SWINDLERS? I'LL GO IN AND---

NO-OPEN THIS WINDOW AND LISTEN FIRST--

COULDN'T Y'SEE I WAS BUSY SELLIN' LAND?

YEAH! I WANT \$10,000 !!

WHY YOU SAPI!! I GAVE YOU \$1,000 FER JUST SITTING AT HOME AN' KEEPIN' YER MOUTH SHUT!!

SALE EHLKE AUCTIONEER

WAL-I'M NOT KEEPIN' IT SHUT NO MORE-- UNLESS I GIT MORE MONEY !!

WHAT IF I TELL TH' FOLKS THEM THERE DIAMONDS CAME FROM TH' TEN CENT STORE-- ALL BUT THEM MINNIE KELVIE HAD EXAMINED!

--AN' YOU PUT 'EM OUT THERE T'SELL NO-GOOD LAND !!

NOT SO LOUD I'LL PAY YOU \$5,000 !!

YOU HEARD IT-TAKE THEM AWAY, SHERIFF!

C'MON, YOU TWO--THAT MOB OUT THERE MAY GET NASTY WITH YOU CROOKS !!

THEY CHEATED US! TH' LAND IS NO GOOD!

YOU'LL GET YOUR MONEY BACK!

THE SHERIFF HAS THE CROOKS LOCKED UP NOW!

LENA PRY

HAW-HAW!! LENA THINKS TH' BANSHEE GOT THAT WHORTLE BERRY PIE!! SHE'S COOKIN' AGAIN!

WHAT ARE YE COOKIN', LENA?

THEY'RE FRITTERS T'BE PUT IN THE ELM TREE FOR THE GHOST--SO HE WILL STAY AWAY!!

HAW-HAW!! IN TH' MORNIN' LENA'LL THINK GHOSTS GOT TH' FRITTERS!

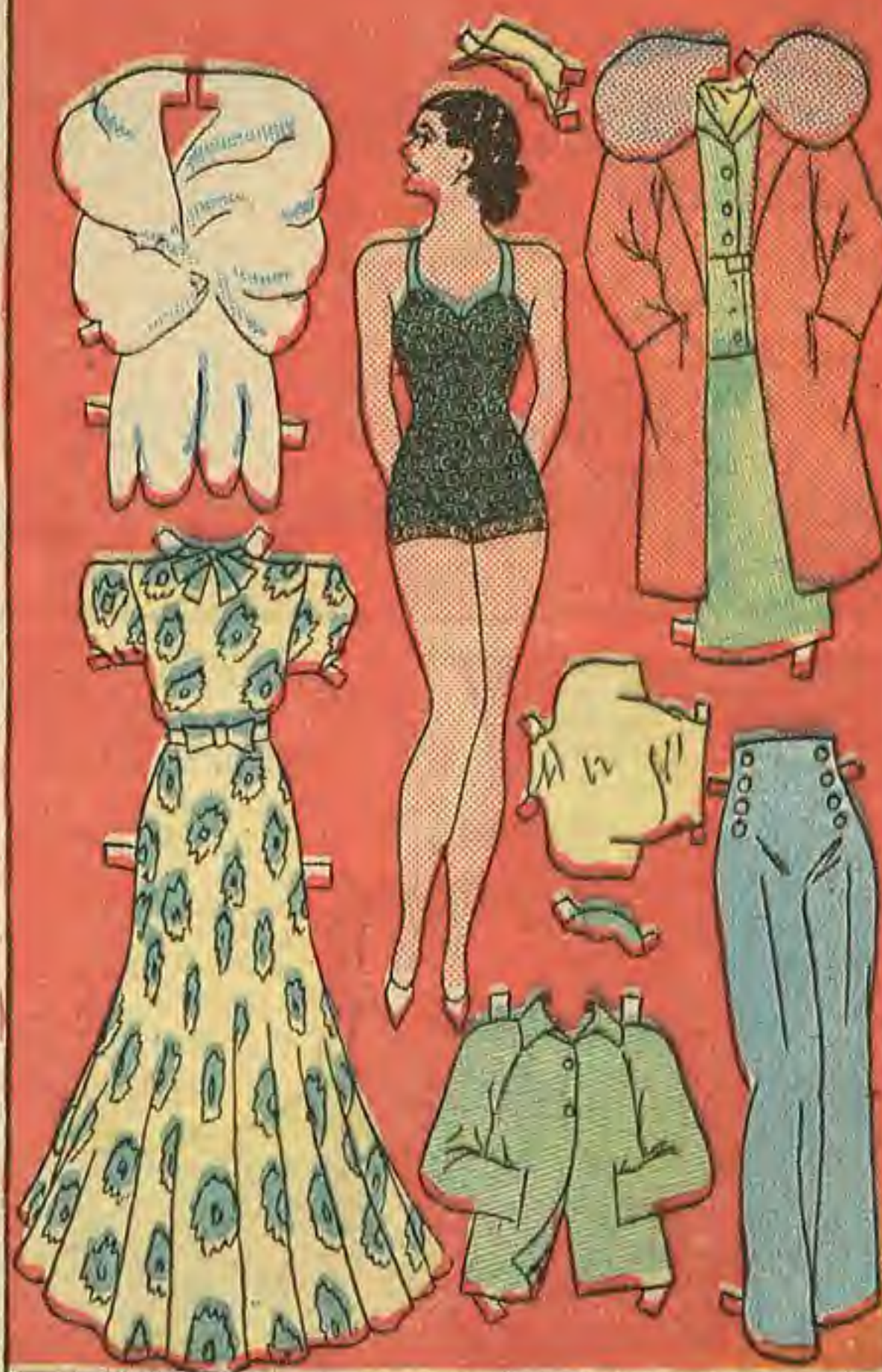
CAN'T SAY I BLAME BANSHEES FER HANGIN' 'ROUND WITH GRUB LIKE THIS ABOUT !!

WHEEE!!

WOW!! HE NEARLY KETCHED ME THIS TIME!!

LET THIS BE A LESSON TO YE!! TAKIN' FOOD RIGHT OUTA A BANSHEE'S MOUTH!!

JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE



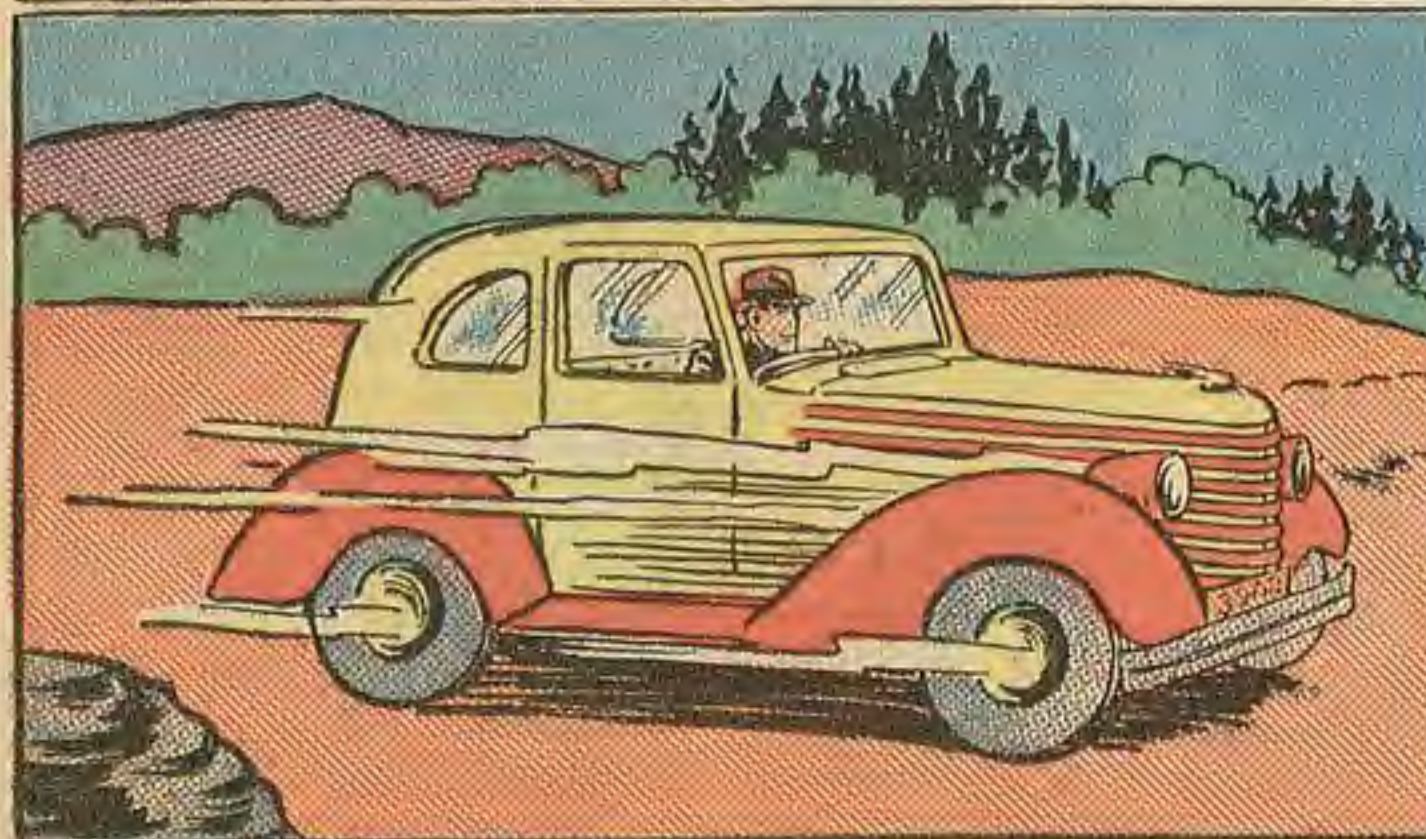
Jane Arden is continued in the May issue—on sale March 31st.

CAPTAIN COOK OF SCOTLAND YARD

CAPTAIN COOK HAS TAKEN A VACATION WITH HIS FAMILY IN THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND-- BUT BEFORE HIS HOLIDAY IS FINISHED...



AND COOK IS OFF TO LONDON TO TRACK DOWN THE "CANDY KILLER"





IT IS GROWING DUSK—COOK LOCATES HOLLIDAY'S ADDRESS IN THE CITY DIRECTORY AND DRIVES THERE—BUT ON HIS WAY...



BUT COOK ESCAPES THE WOULD-BE ASSASSIN—

MR. HOLLIDAY? I'M COOK OF SCOTLAND YARD—MAY I SEE YOU A MOMENT?

CERTAINLY—COME ON IN.



WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT BART SCRUGGS AND HIS DEAD AUNT? HAVE YOU KNOWN THEM LONG?

I'VE KNOWN THEM FOR YEARS—WHY? TOO BAD THE AUNT WAS POISONED—



IS BART SCRUGGS A GOOD CHESS PLAYER?

AS GOOD AS A CHAMPION, WHY?

ARE YOU A GOOD PLAYER?



IF YOU'RE SUGGESTING THAT BART COULD HAVE BEATEN ME THE NIGHT HE BET HIS AUNT HE WOULD, YOU'RE RIGHT. I CAN'T PLAY CHESS AT ALL. SCRUGGS THREW THE GAME THAT EVENING—HE WANTED ME TO WIN.



ARE THE SCRUGGS WELL OFF FINANCIALLY? WHAT BUSINESS IS BART IN?

HELEN SCRUGGS LEAVES A FORTUNE TO BART—HE'S WELL OFF TOO. HE OWNS A LITTLE STOCK IN A PERFUMERY CONCERN.



COOK RETURNS TO SCOTLAND YARD...

CHIEF! WHAT POISON WAS USED IN THE CHOCOLATES THAT KILLED HELEN SCRUGGS?

NITROBENZENE WHY?

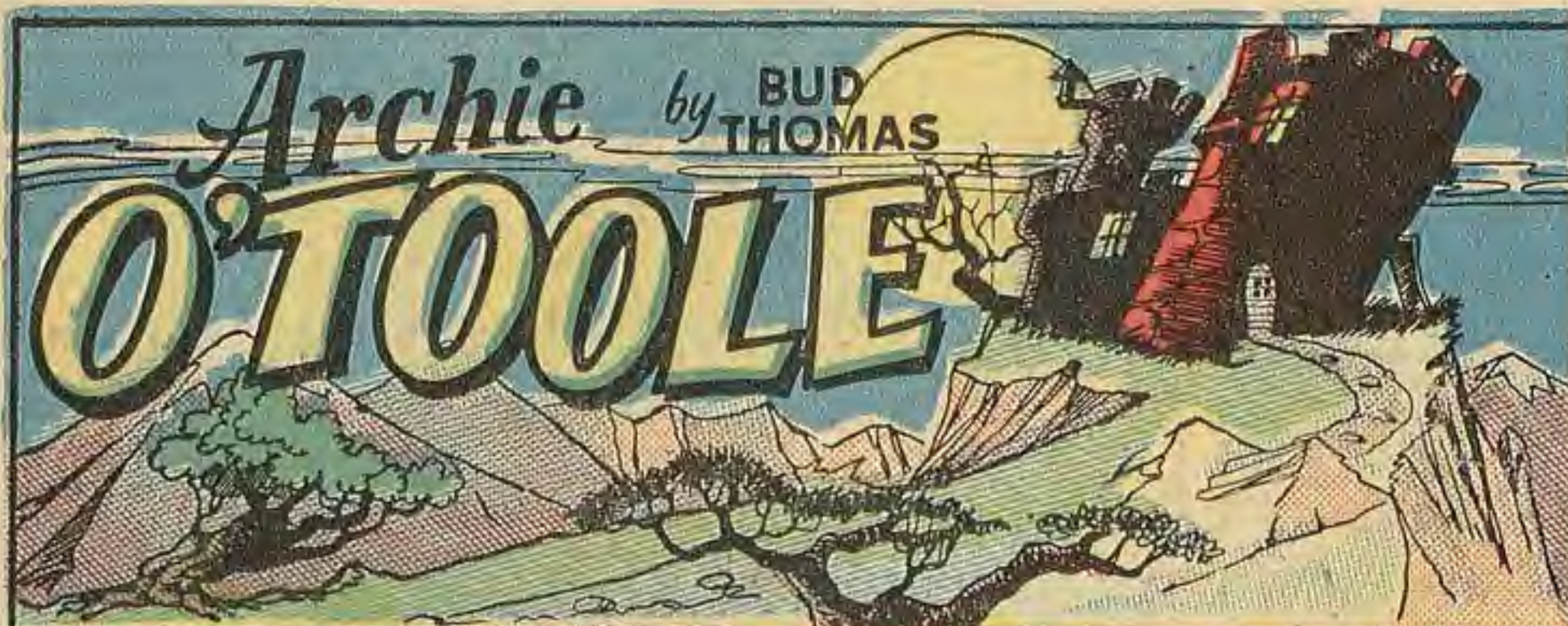


WILL YOU AND FOGARTY COME TO THIS ADDRESS AT EXACTLY MIDNIGHT TONIGHT? WALK RIGHT IN—THE DOOR WILL BE UNLOCKED.

ANOTHER MYSTERY ESCAPE, EH?

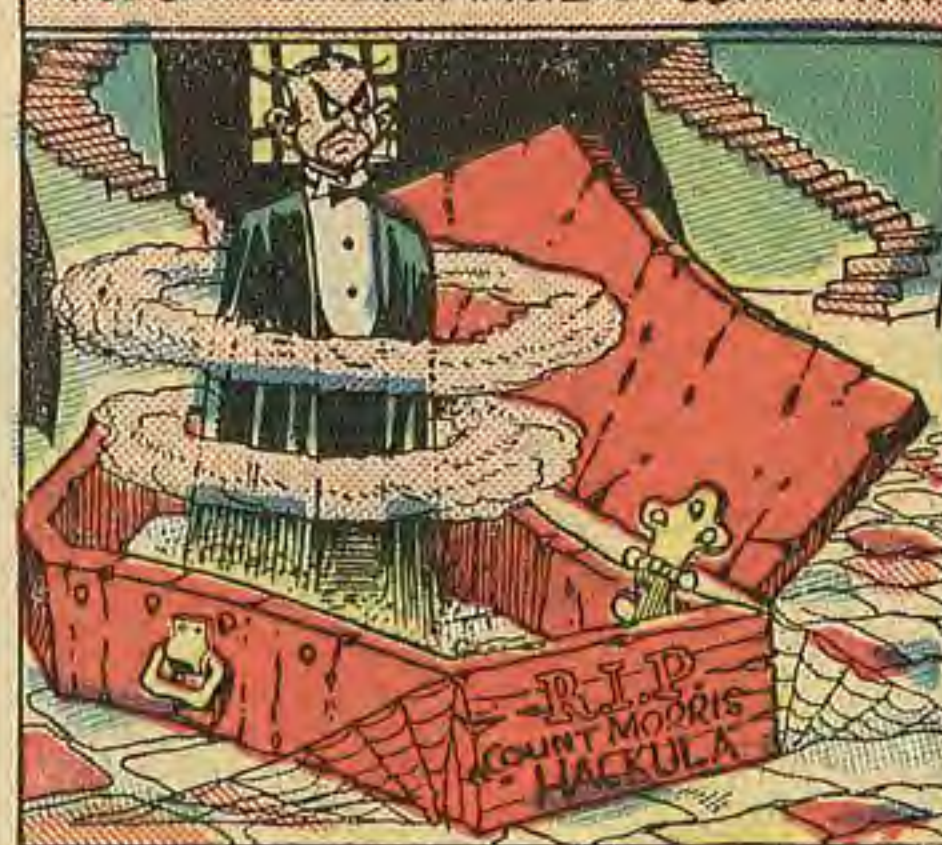






NIGHTFALL, IN THE MOUNTAINS OF PYROMANIA-----AS THE COLD AUTUMN WIND HOWLS THROUGH THE RUGGED MOUNTAIN PASSES, A WEIRD LIGHT FLICKERS IN THE ANCIENT CASTLE OF HACKULA!

INSIDE THE MEDIEVAL RUINS, A FIGURE RISES FROM AN ANCIENT COFFIN.....



SOMEWHERE IN THE SURROUNDING DARKNESS, A DOG HOWLS.....



COME, TESSIE, TONIGHT WE GO TO KING ARCHIE O'TOOLE'S CASTLE! HEH, HEH, HEH-!!

WELL, WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?



THUS, OFF INTO THE NIGHT THEY FLY.... APPEARING AS BATS TO MORTAL BEINGS.



AT ARCHIE O'TOOLE'S PALACE.....

ANNOUNCING COUNT MORRIS HACKULA, OF BROOKLYN!



HOW-DO-YOU-DO---PLEASED TO MEET YOU, COUNT HACKULA

I'M PLEASED TO MEET YOU!

I AM CHAWMED, MADAM-CHAWMED INDEED! HEH-HEH-HEH!

AH-HHHH! ARCHIE IS A HANDSOME VICTIM!



AFTER AN EVENING OF ENTERTAINMENT, THE GUESTS RETIRE... BUT AT MIDNIGHT, AS ARCHIE LAY FAST ASLEEP, A STRANGE FIGURE ENTERS HIS ROOM..



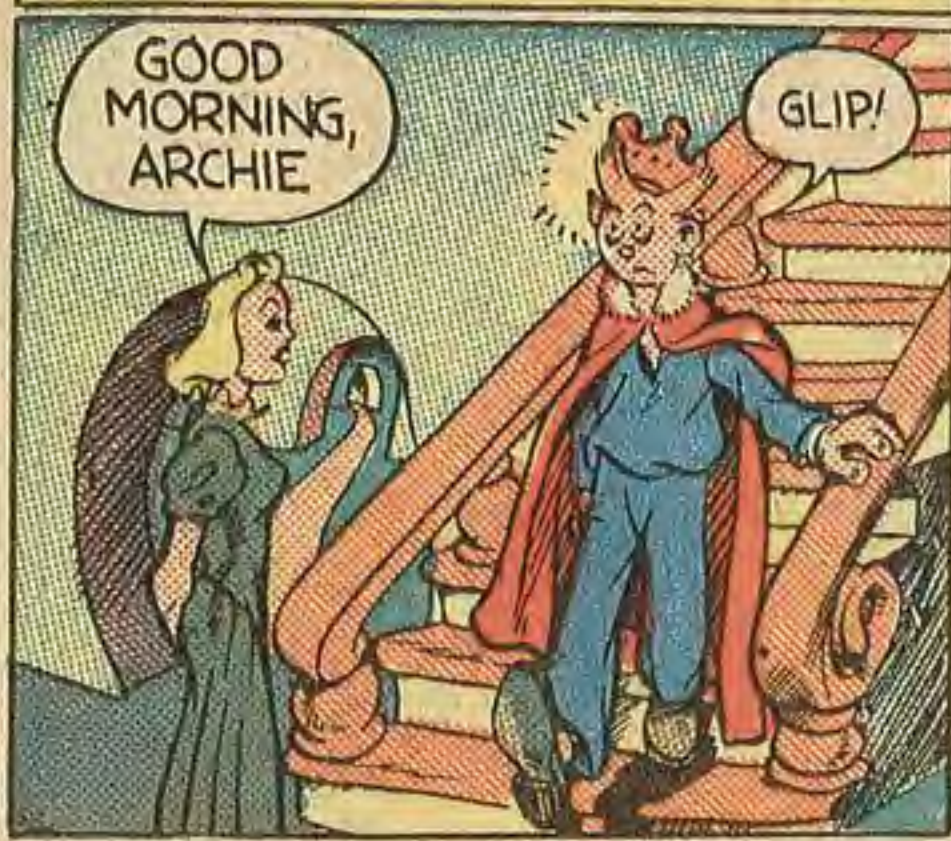
IT IS COUNTESS HACKULA! QUICKLY SHE SINKS HER FANGS INTO POOR ARCHIE'S HAND AND DEPARTS...

MEANWHILE, SUZY SWEET, WHO FEARS THE COUNT, HIDES BEFORE THE MYSTERIOUS FIEND ENTERS HER ROOM..



BAH! FOILED!---I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE--COISES!

THE NEXT MORNING, SUZY GREET'S A STRANGE-LOOKING ARCHIE.....



GOOD MORNING, ARCHIE

GLIP!



ARCHIE, ARCHIE! WHAT'S THE MATTER? WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU? YOU ACT SO STRANGELY!

FLAT FOOT FLOOGIE



YEAH MAN, FLATFOOT FLOOGIE--
WITH A FLOY FLOY--YA DE DA
YO DE DO



C'MON, GATE, LET'S GET IN THE GROOVE AND CUT A RUG--WOW! WHAT SOLID SENDERS!

HE'S GONE MAD!



HELP! I MUST GET DR. HANGNALE----HELP! SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO ARCHIE!



WHAT'S WRONG, SUZY?

COME QUICKLY, DOCTOR! ARCHIE IS SICK!



THE DOCTOR EXAMINES ARCHIE....

HMM--AHHH--SOO-O-LOOK-A TINY HOLE IN HIS HAND! HE'S BEEN BITTEN BY A JITTERBUG!



IT'S THE WORK OF COUNT HACKULA! HE MUST BE DESTROYED!

IS HE A JITTERBUG, DOCTOR?

YES! IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO SAVE ARCHIE!



WE MUST GET TO HACKULA'S CASTLE BEFORE DARK, SUZY!



NOW, WE MUST DRIVE THIS EXTRA HEAVY PHONOGRAPH NEEDLE IN HIS WOODEN LEG! HE'LL NEVER HARM A MORTAL SOUL AGAIN!



BACK AT THE PALACE..

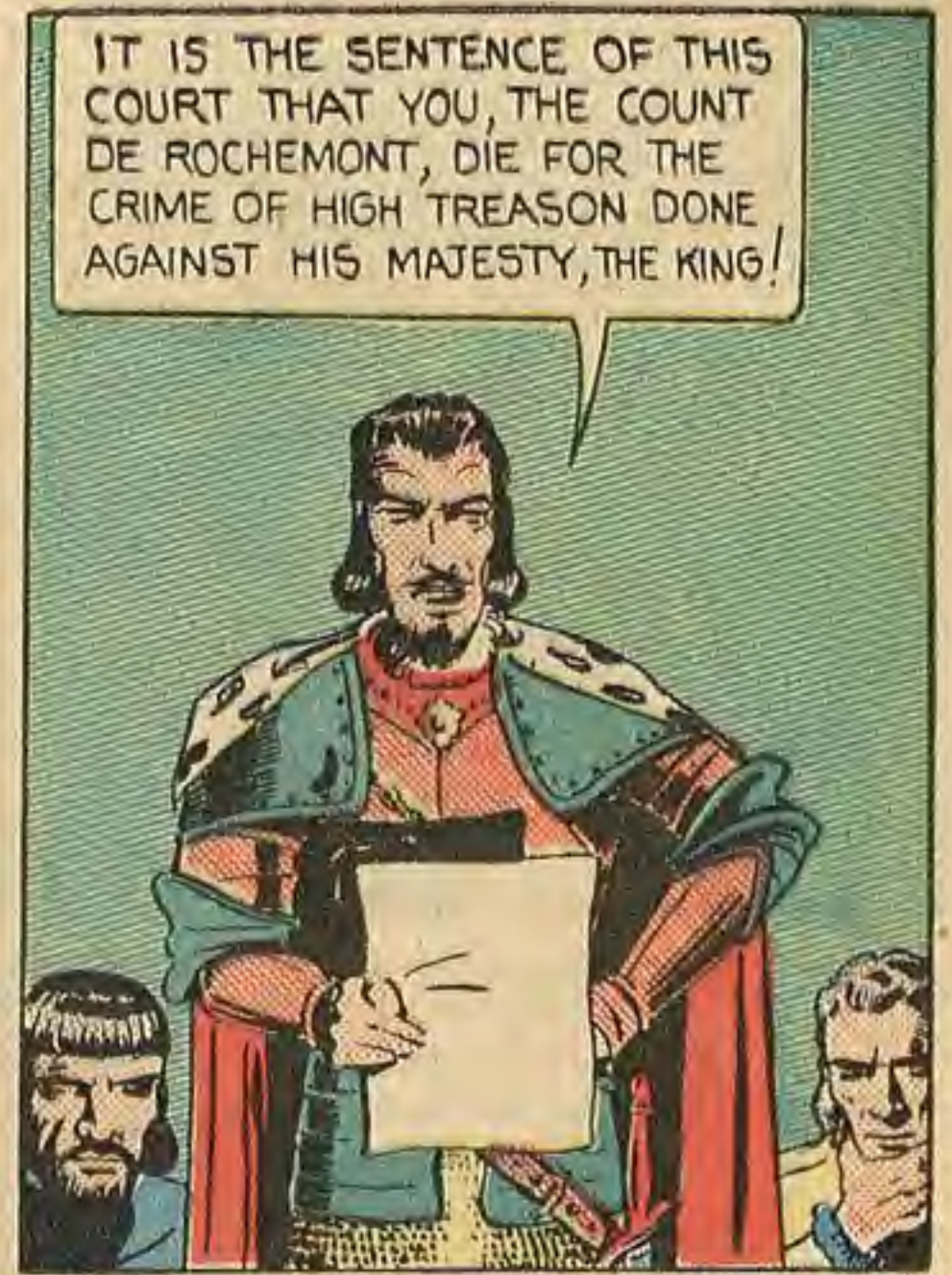
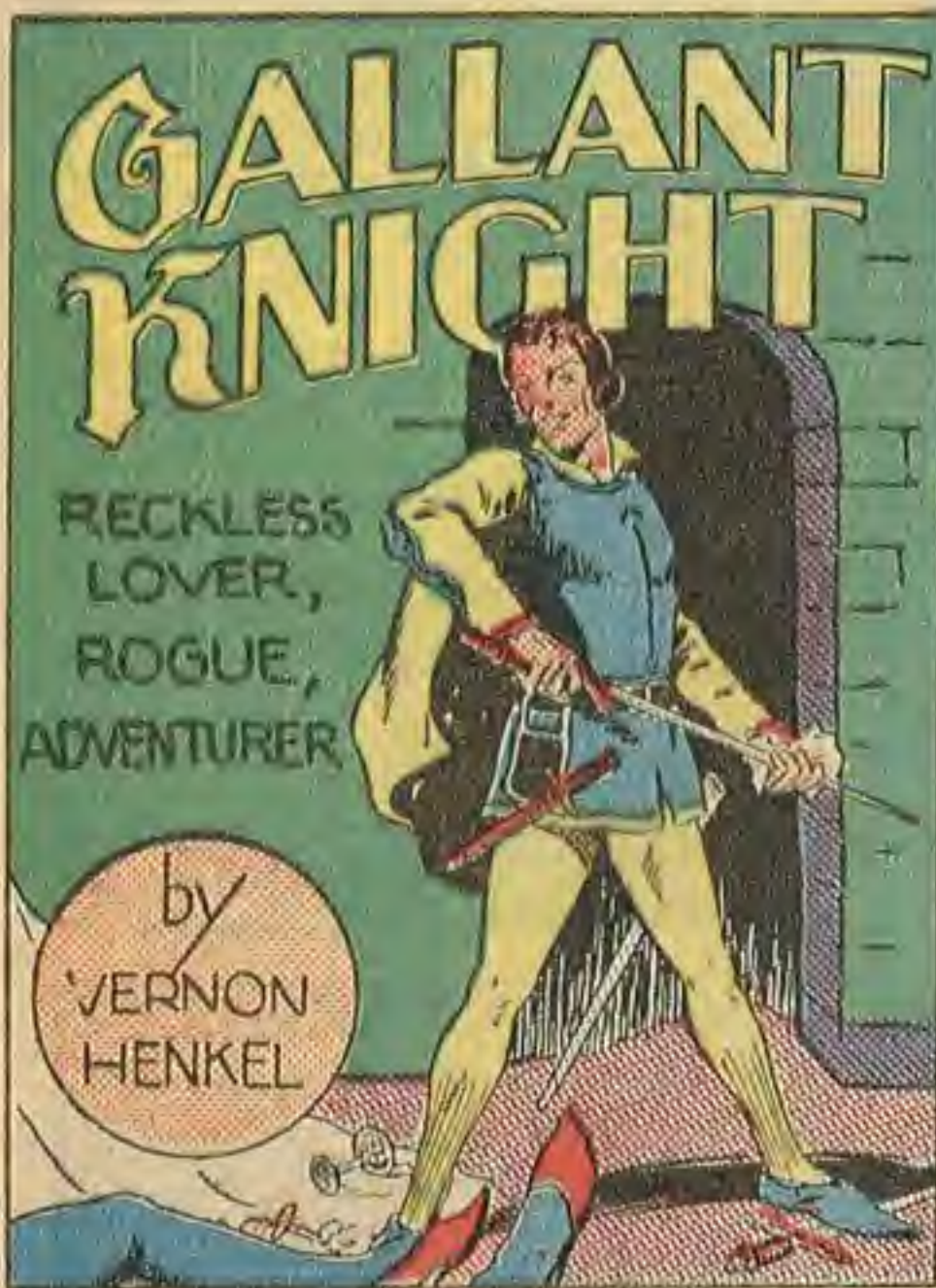
TURN OFF THAT AWFUL MUSIC, JASON! I DON'T LIKE IT!

YES, YOUR MAJESTY!



YOU KNOW, SUZY, I HAD A HORRIBLE DREAM LAST NIGHT!

YOU'RE ALL RIGHT NOW, ARCHIE. DEAR, THANKS TO THE GOOD DOCTOR!



THE DOOMED MAN IS THROWN INTO A CELL TO AWAIT THE COMING OF DAWN AND THE ERECTION OF THE GALLOWS



SIRE / DE ROCHEMONT'S CAMP IS BRISTLING WITH ARMS / IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE IN FOR TROUBLE!



NO! YOU CAN'T ATTACK - DON'T YOU SEE IF WE ENGAGE IN PERSONAL COMBAT IT WILL AFFORD THE ENEMY A CHANCE TO STRIKE!



BUT, DESPITE NEVILLE'S FRANTIC EFFORT THE CHRISTIAN KNIGHTS UNDER THE DUKE OF MONTECOURT THUNDERED OUT TO SMASH THE REBEL ARMY

AND THE COUNT'S SPIES WERE SOON AT WORK IN THE DESERTED CAMP



HA! MY SOLDIERS HAVE TAKEN TO THE HILLS -- THE STUPID DOGS WILL NEVER FOLLOW THEM! COME, LET US AWAY!



PURSUIT IS FUTILE.
IT WOULD BE WISER
TO INFORM THE KING
OF SPAIN ABOUT
THIS REBELLION!

THAT, I WILL—
AFTER I HAVE
HIM DANGLING
AT THE END OF
A ROPE. I SAY
PUSH ON!



AND SO, UNABLE TO CHECK THE
WRATH OF THE DUKE, SIR NEVILLE
IS LED DEEPER INTO THE HILLS.



WHILE FROM CONCEALMENT
THE HOSTILE EYES OF THE
ENEMY WATCH THEIR
APPROACH.



ALLAH ACHBAR!
DEATH TO THE
INFIDEL DOGS!



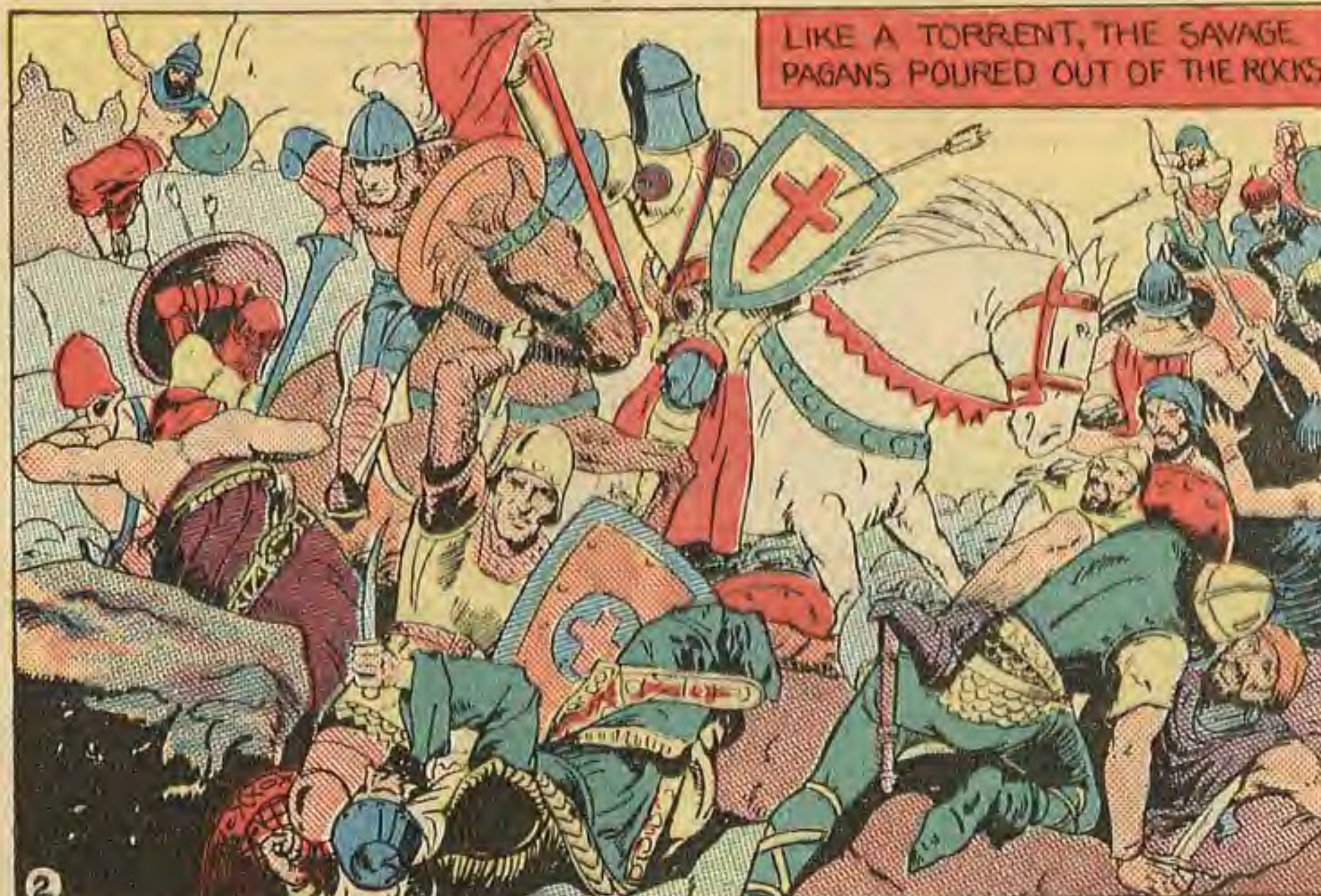
MOORS! WHAT A
FOOL I'VE BEEN TO
FALL INTO A TRAP!



NO TIME FOR TALK NOW
—OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO
CUT OUR WAY THROUGH!



LIKE A TORRENT, THE SAVAGE
PAGANS POURED OUT OF THE ROCKS.



NEVILLE'S SWORD FLASHED AND
DRIPPED WITH BLOOD AS HE FOUGHT
MADLY BESIDE THE ILL-FATED DUKE.





GRAVELY, MONTECOURT SAW HIS OUTNUMBERED FORCE BEING LITERALLY HACKED TO PIECES BY THE DUSKY MOORS.



ORGANIZE A SALLY—WE MUST BREAK THROUGH OR FACE ANNIHILATION !



AMID THE BLARE OF TRUMPETS AND THE SCREAMS OF THE DYING, THE COURAGEOUS KNIGHTS THUNDERED AHEAD



WE MADE IT ! WE'RE WINNING FREE !

A POSITION IS WEAKENED BY THE TERRIBLE ONSLAUGHT, AND A BREAK IS MADE IN THE ENEMY'S RANK.



BUT THE DUKE'S HORSE, RECEIVING A MORTAL WOUND, STUMBLES AND FALLS



MONTECOURT IS ON FOOT ! AND THE MOORS ARE RUSHING HIM FROM ALL SIDES !



GO BACK -- DON'T BE A FOOL -- YOU'LL BE CAPTURED TOO !



BUT THE GALLANT NEVILLE WOULD NEVER OBEY SUCH A COMMAND, AND WITH WILD FURY HE FOUGHT HIS WAY THROUGH THE STOUT CAVALCADE



THE ENEMY DREW BACK AND SIR NEVILLE HURLED THE DUKE TO THE BACK OF HIS HORSE

REALIZING THE MOORISH HOST WOULD SOON OVERTAKE THEM RIDING WITH DOUBLE BURDEN, NEVILLE QUICKLY ALIGHTED AND SENT THE ANIMAL GALLOPING AHEAD



YOU WILL SOON BE WITH YOUR MEN, SIRE -- DON'T MIND ME -- I CAN EASILY OUTWIT THESE DEVILS !



BUT THE SOUND OF HOOFES BROUGHT THE LIGHT-HEARTED KNIGHT BACK TO HIS SENSES



HERE THEY COME -- WHAT AN ARMY ! BUT THEY WILL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE !

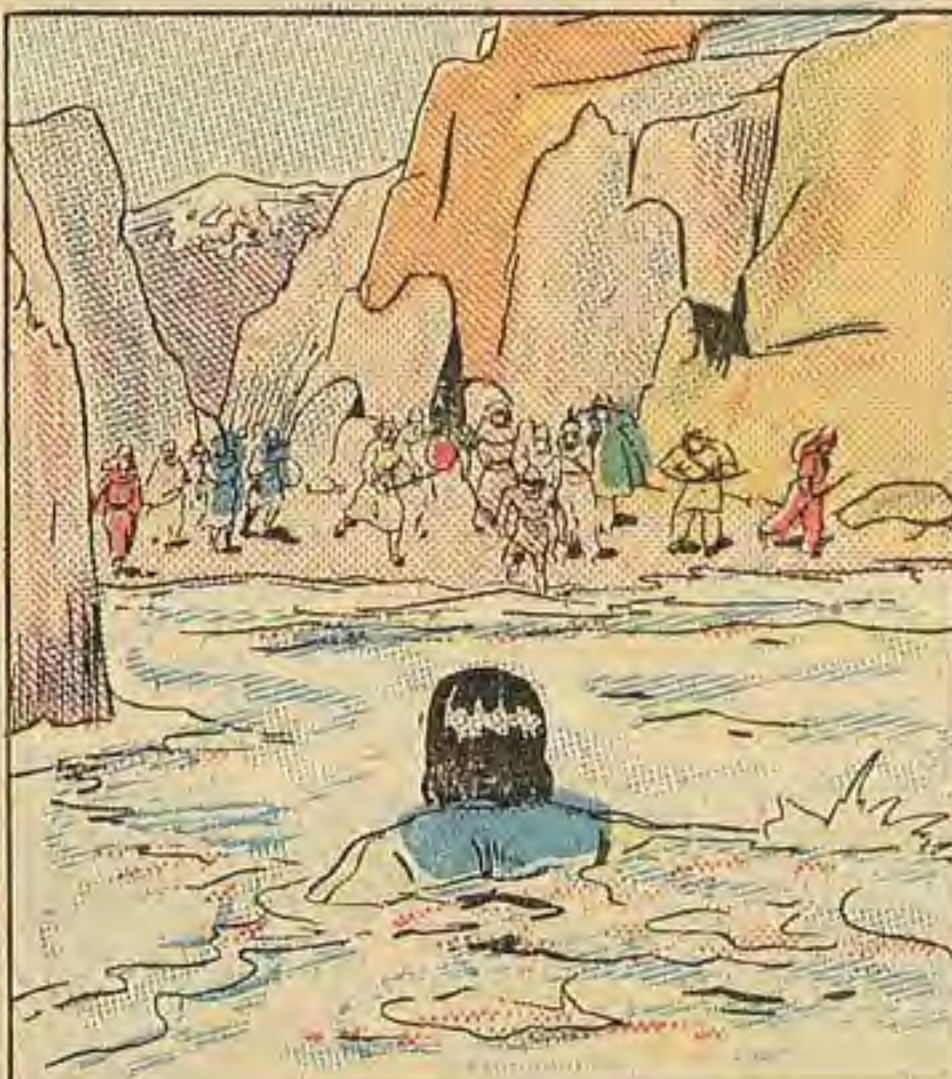
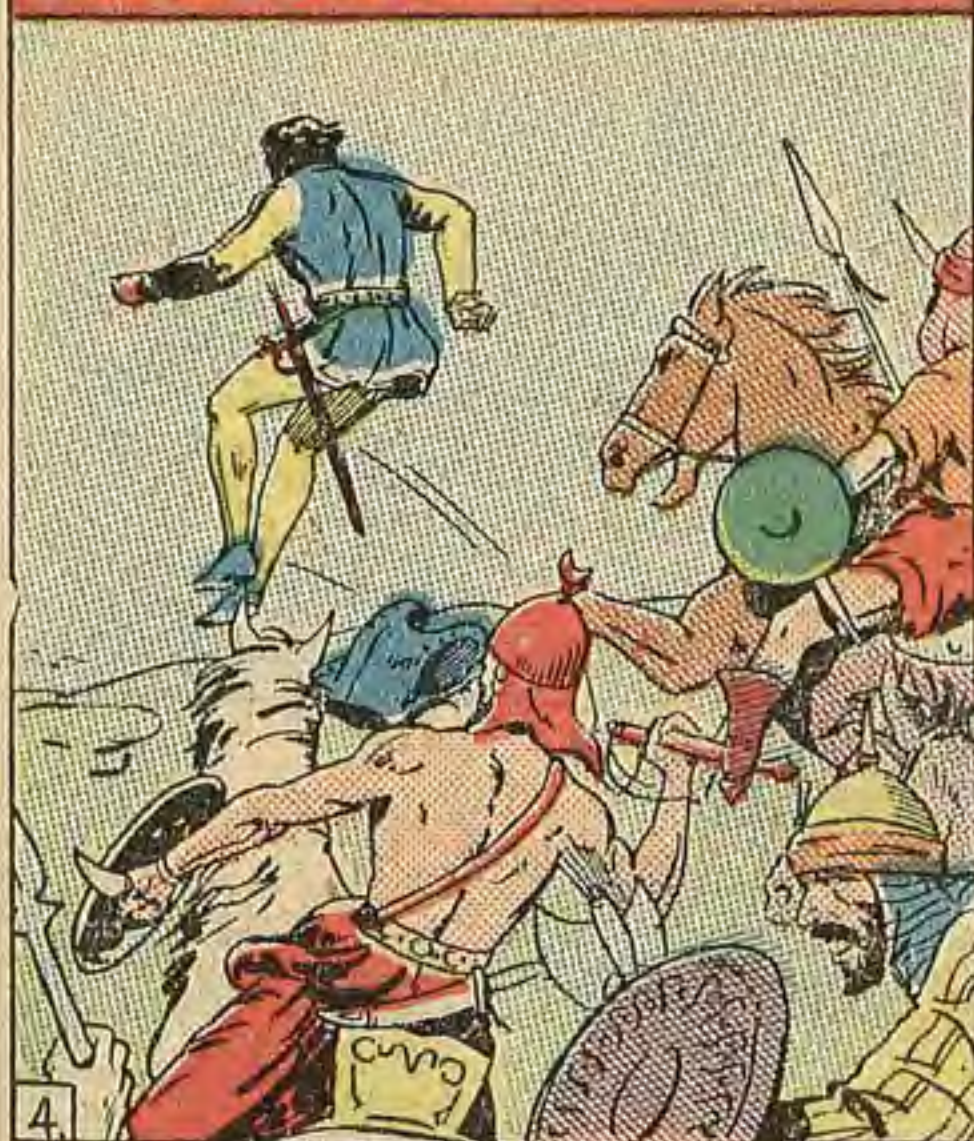


AS SIR NEVILLE TURNED TO FACE THE ONCOMING HORDE, THE ROAR OF SURF REACHED HIS EARS

SCALING A JAGGED ROCK, HE FOUND HIMSELF LOOKING OVER AN INLET OF THE SEA



WITH THE ENEMY AT HIS BACK, NEVILLE RIPPED OFF HIS ARMOR AND TOOK HIS ONLY CHANCE .



HE SWAM AROUND THE CLIFF, BUT THE BROAD BEACH WAS FILLING WITH SOLDIERS .-- IN DESPERATION HE TURNED TOWARD THE OPEN SEA .

APPROACHING LAND WAS A STRANGE VESSEL, THAT SPIED THE FUGITIVE WHO SWAM TOWARD IT WITH ONE THOUGHT IN HIS MIND--WAS IT FRIEND OR FOE ?



TO BE CONTINUED ~

VERNON HENKEL

More of Gallant Knight in the May issue—on sale March 31st.



UNSEEN BY THE BUSY PROSECUTING ATTORNEY, BENTON QUIETLY CRAWLS THROUGH THE WINDOW---



Y-YOU!! W-WHAT DO YOU W-WANT??

DON'T YOU THINK THAT I OUGHTA KILL YOU?



NO!! NO!! LISTEN-- YOU'VE GOT ME ALL WRONG!! I CAN BE YOUR PAL IF---



I KNEW YOU'D ACT LIKE THIS-- YOU CROOK!!

Y-YOU MEAN, BENTON, NO MATTER WHAT I OFFER YOU STILL WILL--!!

DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH, YOU SNAKE!!



THEN IF I'M GONNA DIE ANYWAY, I MIGHT AS WELL---

STOP THAT!!



A BLOW TO THE FACE AND THE LAWYER DROPS THE GUN--

OH!! BENTON, YOU'VE BROKEN MY NOSE!

C'MON YOU COWARD-- GET OUT TO YOUR HORSE, QUICK!!



NOW, RIDE AHEAD OF ME, AN' RIDE FAST--OR I'LL TICKLE YOU WITH THIS FORTY-FIVE!



AS DAWN BREAKS IN THE MOUNTAINS

BENTON!! AN' THE LAWYER WHO PROSECUTED US!!

A NEW BOARDER, TUBBY!!



WHEN MORNING FINDS THE PROSECUTOR MISSING---

BLOOD ON HIS DESK!! BENTON'S KILLED HIM, BOYS!!

HIS LIGHT WAS BURNIN' ALL NIGHT!!



BENTON AN' HIS COYOTE GANG HAVE WIPED OUT EV'RYBODY THAT WAS EVER AGAINST 'EM--



IN THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE REAL COYOTE GANG--

GOSH, SHERIFF-- MAYBE YOU'LL BE NEXT!

IT'S NO JOKE! ONE MORE BIG JOB AN' I'M LEAVIN'!!



AFTER THE PROSECUTING ATTORNEY MAKES HIS CONFESSION IN THE PLOT--

BENTON, DOESN'T HIS CONFESSION CLEAR UP THE CASE FOR US?

I'M NOT SATISFIED YET!



BUT, THINK OF JUDY AN' MRS. BOTT, BACK AT THE RANCH!!

I AM THINKIN' OF 'EM! THAT'S WHY OUR CASE MUST BE AIR-TIGHT THIS TIME!



WHILE ON THE BENTON RANCH, HEISE PLEADS WITH MRS. BOTT TO LEAVE---

MRS. BOTT-- PLEASE DON'T LISTEN TO HER!!

LET'S LEAVE THIS DEN OF OUTLAWS!!



CONTINUED

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY B. W. DEPEW

LESS THAN A MINUTE TO PLAY, COACH—SEND ME IN!

I THINK BUD AND I CAN TIE UP THIS COLERAINE GAME AND SEND IT INTO AN EXTRA PERIOD—

GET THE PUCK AND TRY THAT SCORING PLAY YOU'VE BEEN PRACTICING—AND REMEMBER, SHEKELS, BRANT TAKES THE SHOT!



~ COLLEGE FRATERNITIES ~



CHI
OMEGA

FOUNDED: AT THE UNIVERSITY OF ARKANSAS
APRIL 5, 1895, BY FOUR GIRL STUDENTS.
EMINENT ALUMNAE: MABEL WALKER WILLEBRANDT,
FORMER ASSISTANT UNITED STATES ATTORNEY
GENERAL; JUDGE GEORGIA BULLOCK, SUPERIOR
COURT OF CALIFORNIA.

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY B. W. DEPEW



— COLLEGE FRATERNITIES —



GAMMA
PHI
BETA

FOUNDED: BY FOUR GIRLS AT SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY, NOVEMBER 11, 1874. EMINENT ALUMNAE: MAUDE HART LOVELACE, AUTHOR; EILEEN MAGILL, FIRST LICENSED WOMAN AIR PILOT IN CANADA.

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY B. W. DEPEW



LOOKS LIKE WE MIGHT HAVE A PRETTY GOOD TEAM, EH BUD?

ALL DEPENDS ON ME, NED - IF MY ARM'S OKAY, ALL THE REST OF YOU GUYS WILL HAVE TO DO IS TO SPELL YOUR NAMES RIGHT FOR THE SCORERS



WAIT - LET'S HAVE SOME FUN WITH JAKE

JAKE THE TRAINY

JUST SO WE'RE NOT LATE FOR PRACTICE



CAN'T HAVE ANY KINKS IN THE OL' SOUP BONE

I SHOULD SAY NOT! JUST SUPPOSING IT WENT BAD JUST AS HE WAS REACHING FOR HIS FOURTH PORK CHOP!



SAY! MY CONTRACT DOESN'T CALL FOR HORSEPLAY FROM SWIVEL-HEADED FRESHMEN!

THAT'S RIGHT - YOU'RE THE TRAINER AND I'M THE STAR PITCHER - I WAS THINKING IT WAS JUST THE OPPOSITE!



ALL RIGHT, SHEKELS - LET'S SEE IF YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING BESIDES A SCAR ON THE HIP

ME? SAY, I'VE GOT MORE HOOKS THAN A CLOTHES CLOSET!



NOT BAD, BUT NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR THE ALUMNI NEXT WEEK -

ARE WE PLAYING YOU OLD FOSSILS, COACH?



YES SIR, WE'LL - SAY, WHAT DID YOU CALL US?



WELL, THE LAST TIME I SAW YOU GUYS PLAY, THE SHORTSTOP MADE THREE DROPKICKS AND THE OUTFIELDERS WERE FALLING ON THE BALL!

COLLEGE FRATERNITIES



ALPHA
DELTA
THETA

FOUNDED: IN THE FALL OF 1919 BY TEN GIRLS AT TRANSYLVANIA COLLEGE. ADMITTED TO NATIONAL PANHELLENIC CONGRESS IN 1926.

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY B. W. DEPEW

COME ON, BUD—THE TEAM NEEDS A GOOD WORKOUT BEFORE GOING UP AGAINST THOSE ALUMNI STARS—

STOPPING ONLY LONG ENOUGH TO GIVE COACH SHELDON A RIB, NED

STEPHEN SHELDON
COACH OF FRESHMAN ATHLETICS

SURE YOU GRANDPAS HAVE PLENTY OF LINIMENT AND CRUTCHES, COACH?

WELL, I MISLAID MY CANE, BUT I THINK I CAN MAKE IT

WHEN THEY SEE MY SPEED, THEIR MOUTHS WILL DROP OPEN AND THEIR FALSE TEETH WILL FALL OUT!

YOU'RE TOO BASHFUL—WHAT YOU NEED IS MORE CONFIDENCE

WHAT LUCKY DUBS YOU GUYS ARE! WHEN I PITCH, ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TO SHOW UP AT THE PARK!

LISTEN TO HIM! WHEN WE WALK ONTO THE FIELD, HE THINKS WE'RE INTRUDING!

I'M GLAD OF ONE THING—THERE WON'T BE MANY PEOPLE THERE—IN CASE WE LOOK BAD—

HEY, WHAT DO YOU MEAN, NO PEOPLE—THEY KNOW I'M GOING TO PITCH, DON'T THEY?

IT'S ONLY A PRACTICE GAME—AND NOT A VERY NICE DAY—

YEAH? PACK 'EM IN SHEKELS—THAT'S WHAT THEY CALL ME!

YOU GUYS GO ON OUT—I WANT TO MAKE MY USUAL DRAMATIC ENTRANCE!

WHY NOT HAVE THE UMPs ANNOUNCE YOU, SWIVEL HEAD?

YES SIR—OL' PACK 'EM IN, JAM 'EM IN SHEKELS, THEY CALL HIM!

YOU SURE HAD THE RIGHT DOPE ON THE CROWD, BUD!

MY DEAR SIR—FOR THE ALUMNI, EATON WILL PITCH AND SAUERS WILL CATCH—FOR THE FRESHMEN, SHEKELS WILL PITCH, RANDA WILL CATCH!

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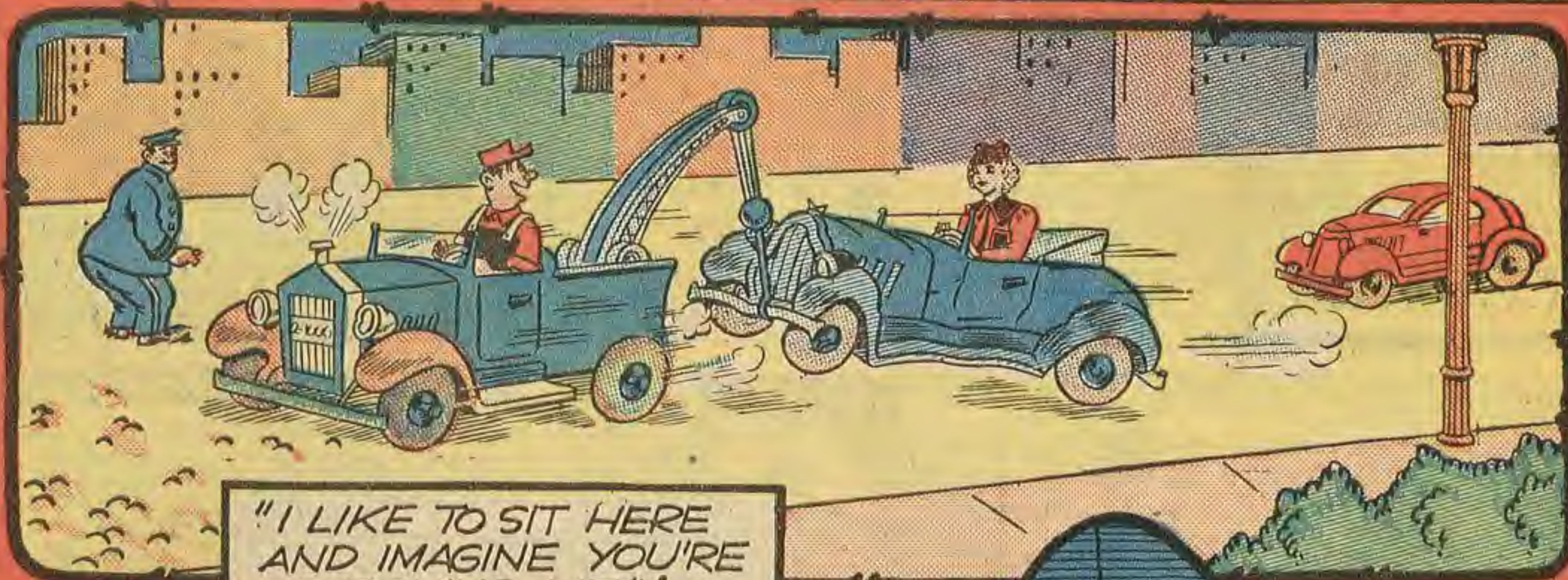


ALPHA
OMICRON
PI

COLLEGE FRATERNITIES

FOUNDED: AT BARNARD COLLEGE, OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, JANUARY 2, 1897 BY FOUR GIRLS OF THE CLASS OF 1898. SECOND FRATERNITY TO BE INSTALLED AT BARNARD COLLEGE.

OFF THE RECORD *By ED REED.*



"I LIKE TO SIT HERE
AND IMAGINE YOU'RE
PURSUING ME!"

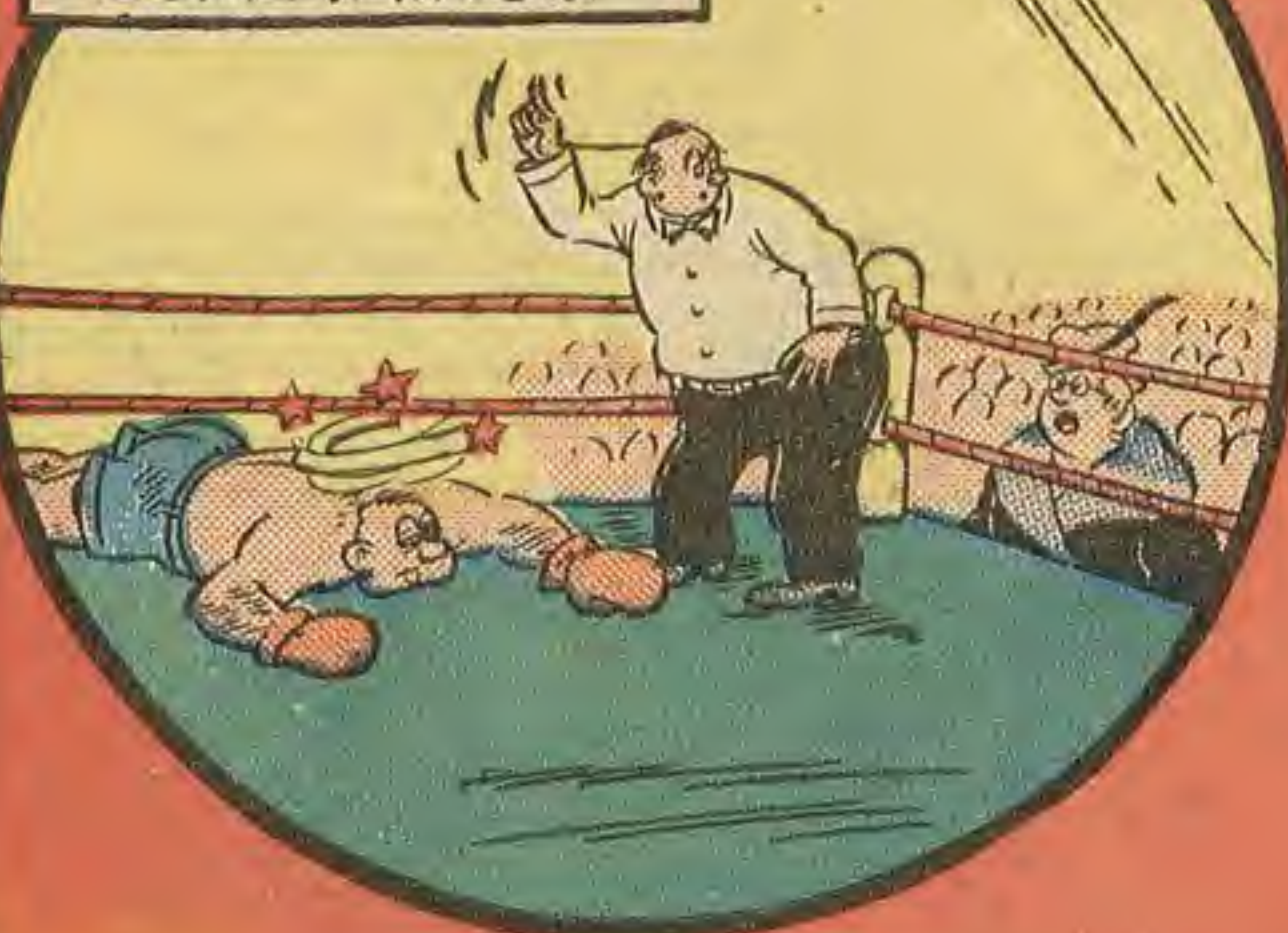


"OH, ALL RIGHT--
YOU MAY TRIP
THE WAITER
JUST ONCE!"

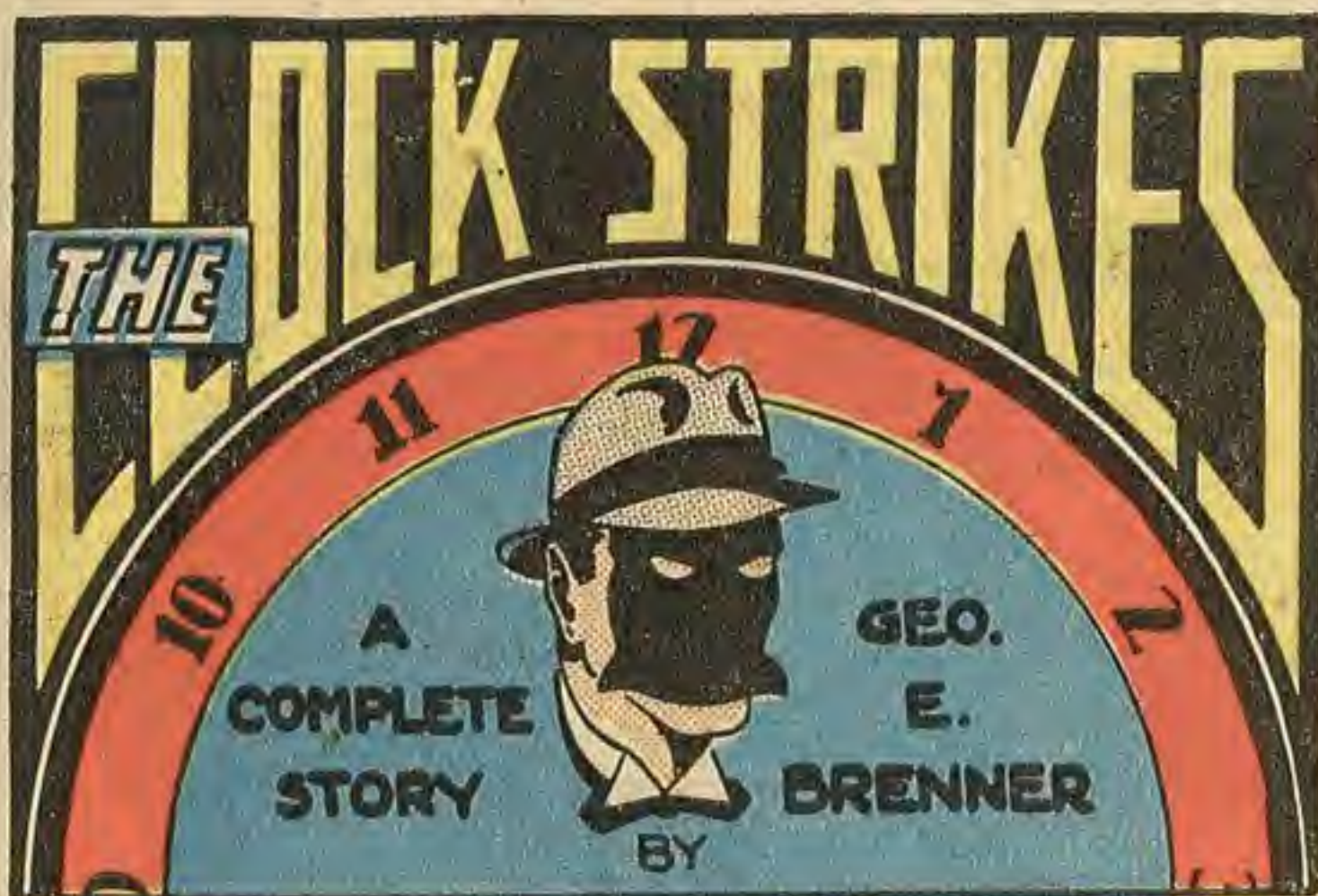


"GOSH, I DID THE
SAME THING WHILE
CARVING THE
TURKEY YESTERDAY!"

"STUPID!!--DON'T
STAND THERE
COUNTING-- DO
SOMETHING!!"

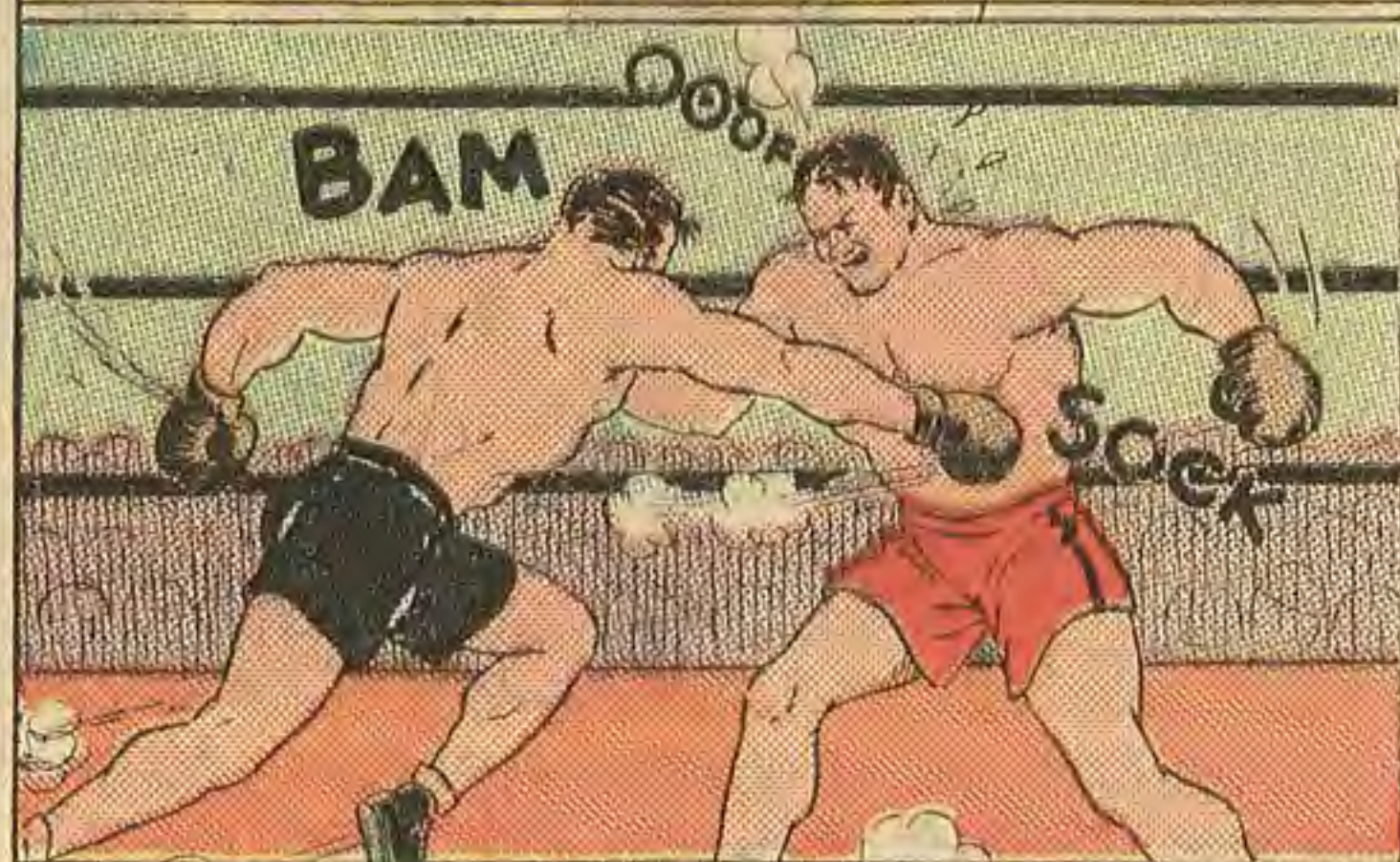


"DOUBLE FEATURE"
TODAY

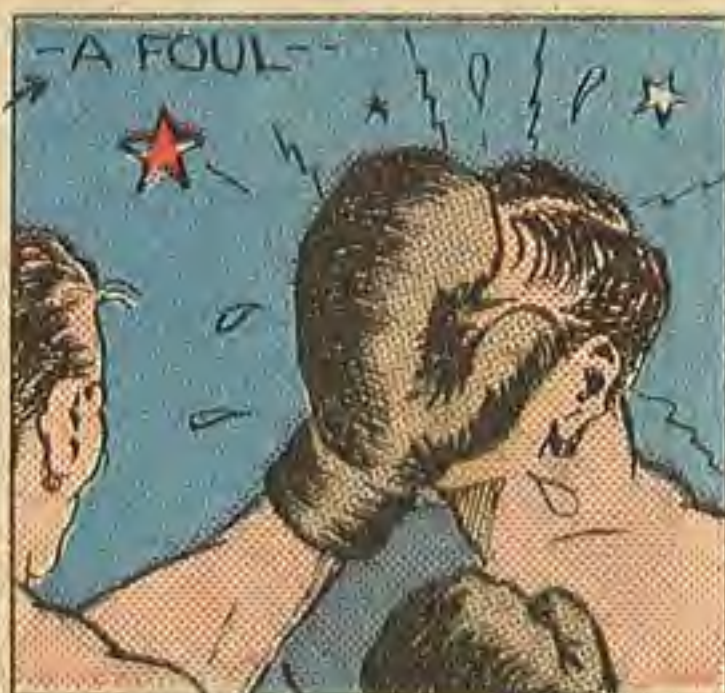




LATER-WITH THE INTRODUCTIONS OVER AND AT THE SOUND OF THE BELL, DANNY AND THE CRUSHER RACE TO THE CENTER OF THE RING AND THE FIGHT IS ON---



THROWING CAUTION TO THE WINDS, DAN LEAVES HIMSELF WIDE OPEN AND LIKE A FLASH, THE CRUSHER TAKES ADVANTAGE, AND SLOWS HIM UP WITH A HARD RIGHT, AND FOLLOWS UP WITH A ---



QUIT STALLIN' YA, FAKE, GET UP AN' FIGHT!

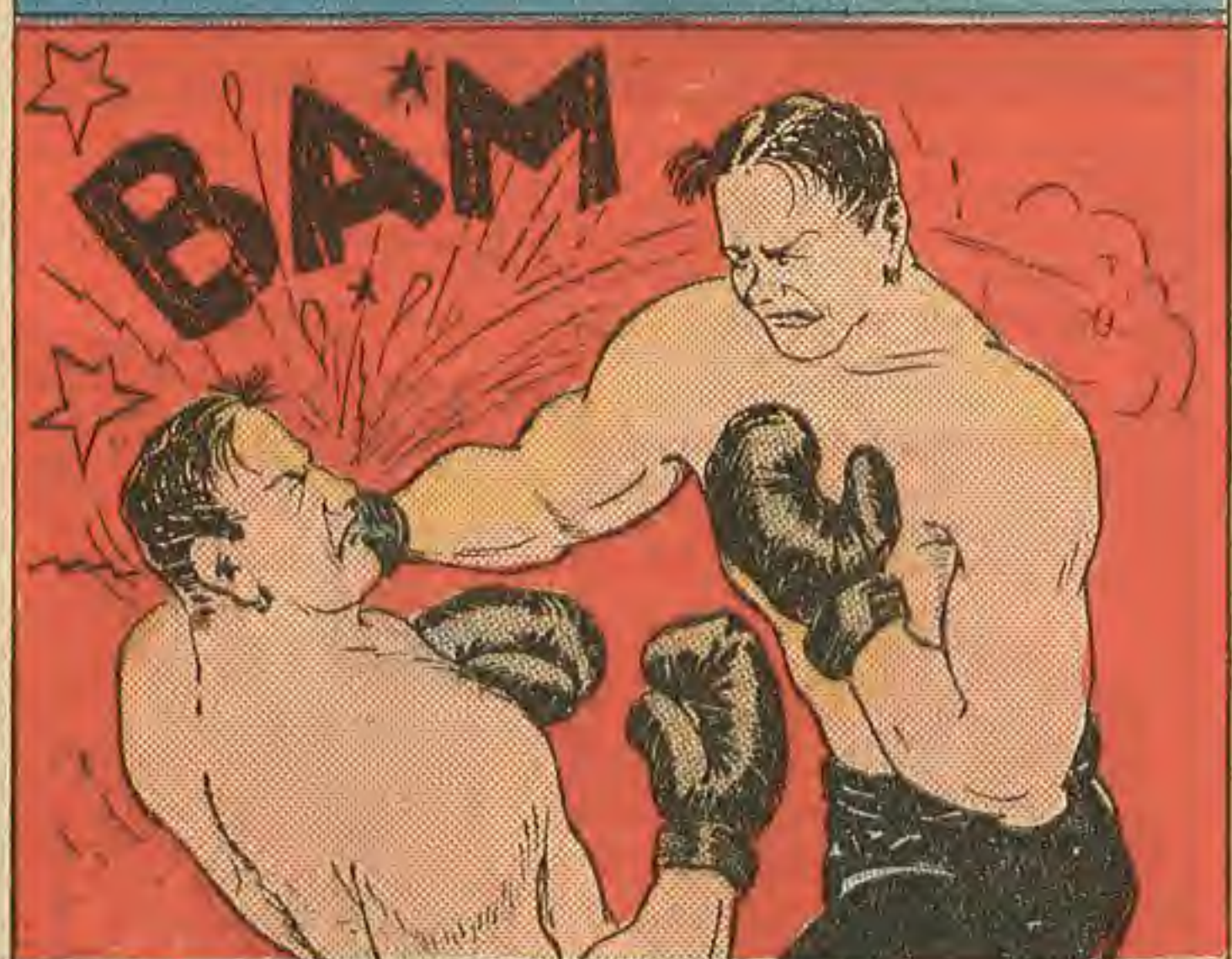
-AS DAN TRIES TO STRUGGLE TO HIS FEET THE BELL RINGS--



A LEFT, FLUSH ON THE JAW PUTS DAN ON THE FLOOR

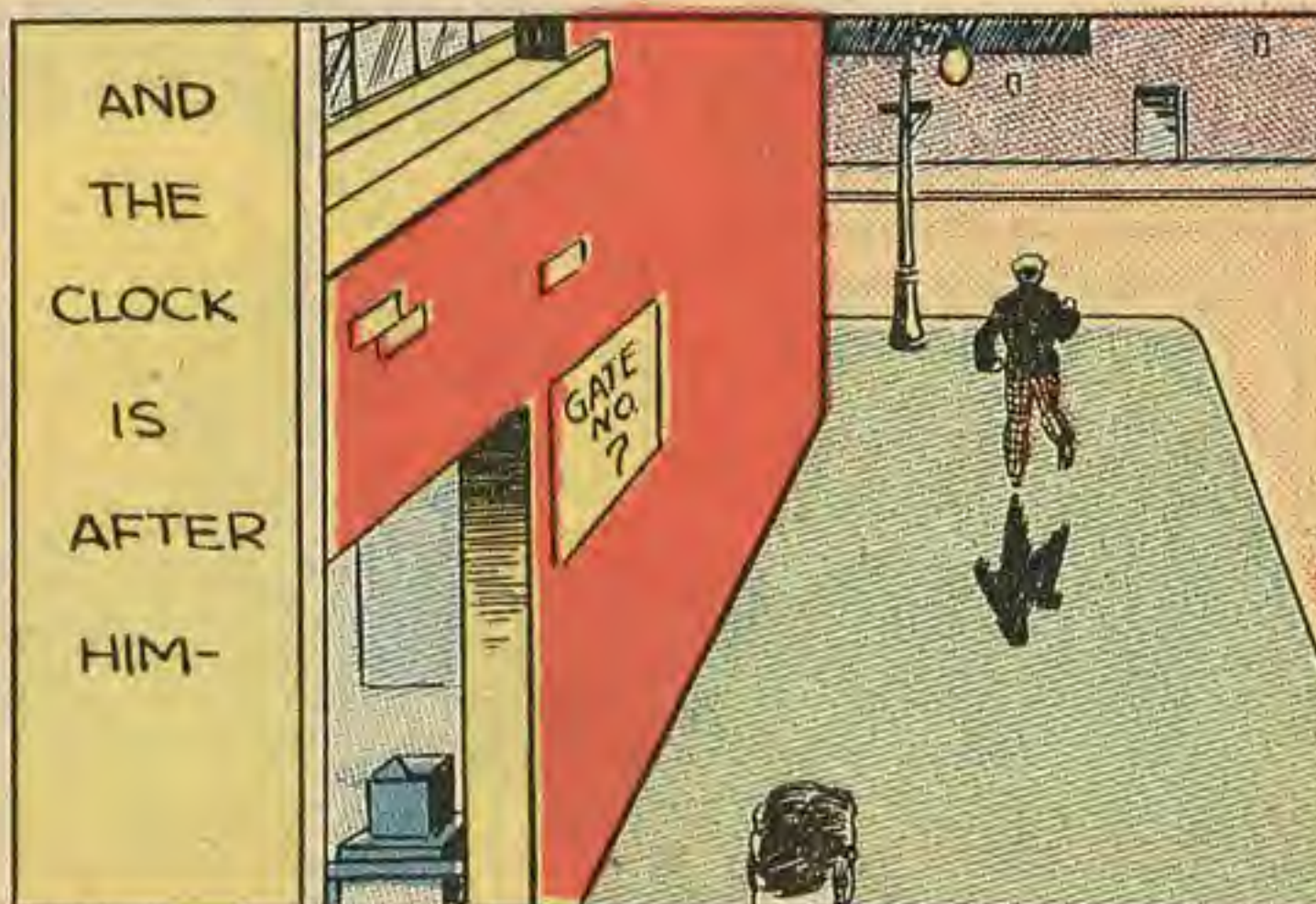
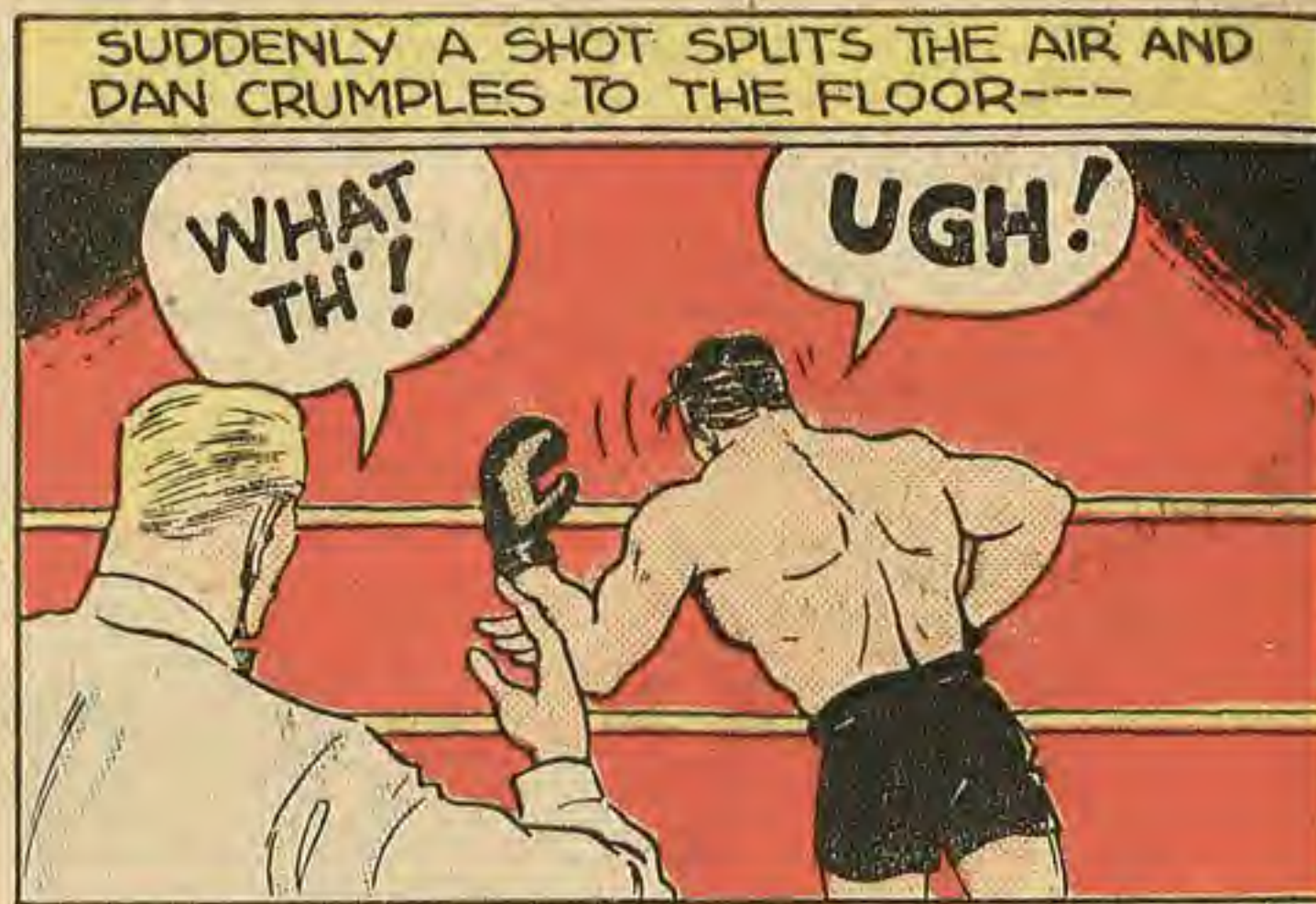


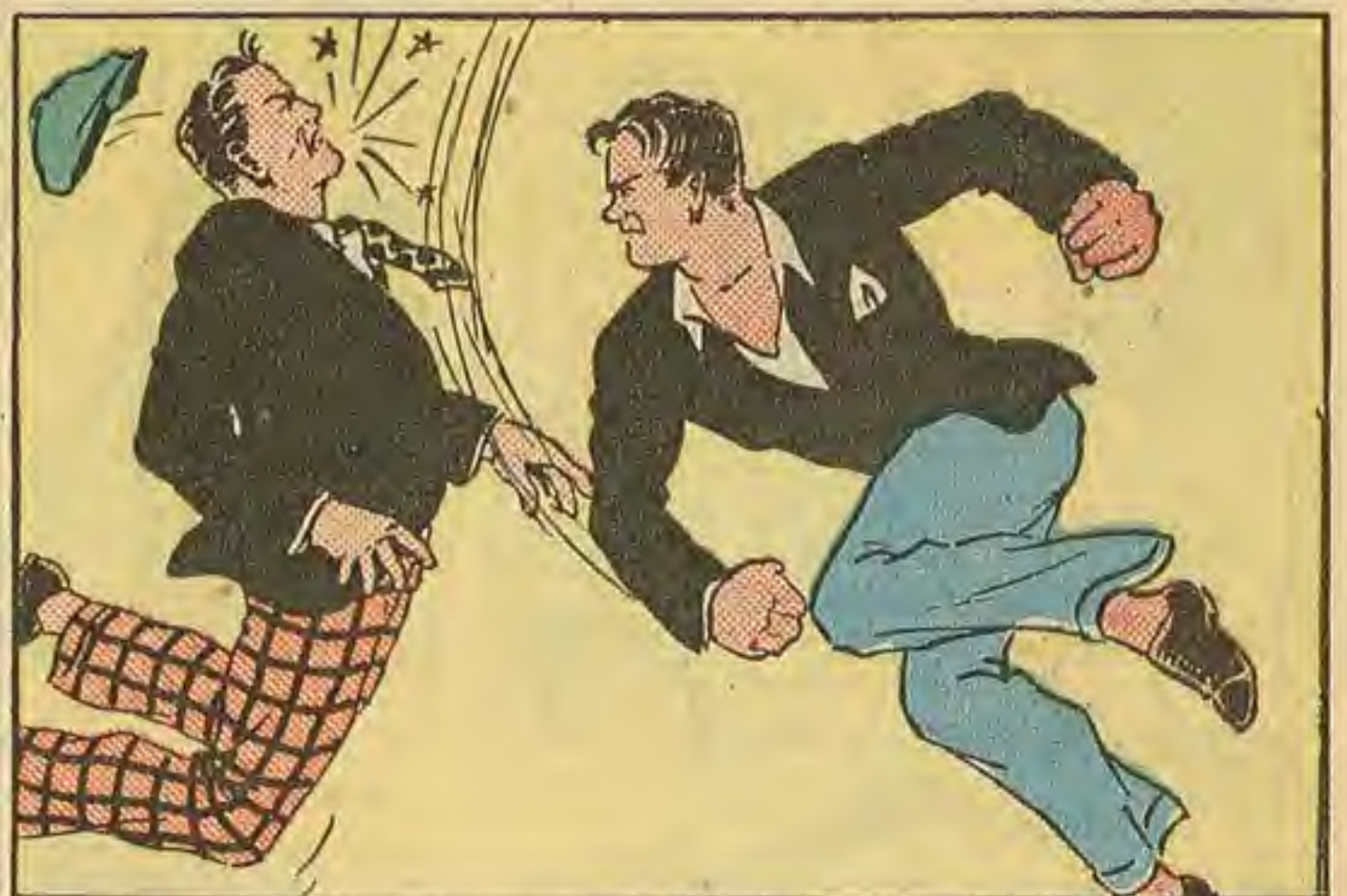
RUSHING OUT FOR THE SECOND ROUND, DAN MEETS THE CRUSHER BEFORE HE LEAVES HIS CORNER AND LANDS A BONE CRUSHING RIGHT TO THE CHIN---



-AS DOWD STEPS BACK TO DELIVER THE FINISHING BLOW, THE CRUSHER FALLS, FLAT ON HIS FACE---OUT COLD---AND---







STRANGE AS IT SEEMS by JOHN HIX

ALLENBY'S CONQUEST OF JERUSALEM WAS PROPHESED 900 YEARS BEFORE IT TOOK PLACE!

A 10TH-CENTURY MOHAMMEDAN WROTE:
"THE MAN WHO WILL CONQUER
JERUSALEM WILL ENTER THE
HOLY CITY HUMBLY ON FOOT AND
HIS NAME WILL BE GOD'S PROPHET..."
THE BRITISH CAVALRY OFFICER,
ALLENBY, WHOSE NAME CLOSELY
RESEMBLES "ALLAH NEBI"
(ARABIC FOR "GOD'S PROPHET"),
FULFILLED THE PROPHECY WHEN
HE ENTERED JERUSALEM ON
FOOT IN 1917...

**LIVING
LANTERNS!**
WEST INDIAN NATIVES
USE PERFORATED GOURDS
CONTAINING FIREFLIES
TO LIGHT THEIR PATHWAYS
AT NIGHT.

JOCKEYS OF THE FAMOUS
PALIO HORSE RACE, *Sienna, Italy*,
ARE ALLOWED TO LASH EACH OTHER
WITH WHIPS DURING THE RACE...

SCORE KEEPER'S NIGHTMARE!

MEL	LARSEN
OSCAR	LARSEN
OTTO	LARSEN
KYORDELL	LARSEN
HAROLD	LARSON
FRED	WILHELM
CARL	WILHELM
JOHN	WILHELM
AND KRAUSE COMPOSED THE 1936 PENN. SALT BASEBALL TEAM...	

*Tacoma,
Wash.*

FLYING SKILLET!

THE GREATER
GLIDING POSSUM,
of *Australia*,
RESEMBLES A
FRYING PAN WHEN
IN FLIGHT...
IT IS 40 INCHES
LONG WITH 2/3 OF
ITS LENGTH IN
ITS TAIL...

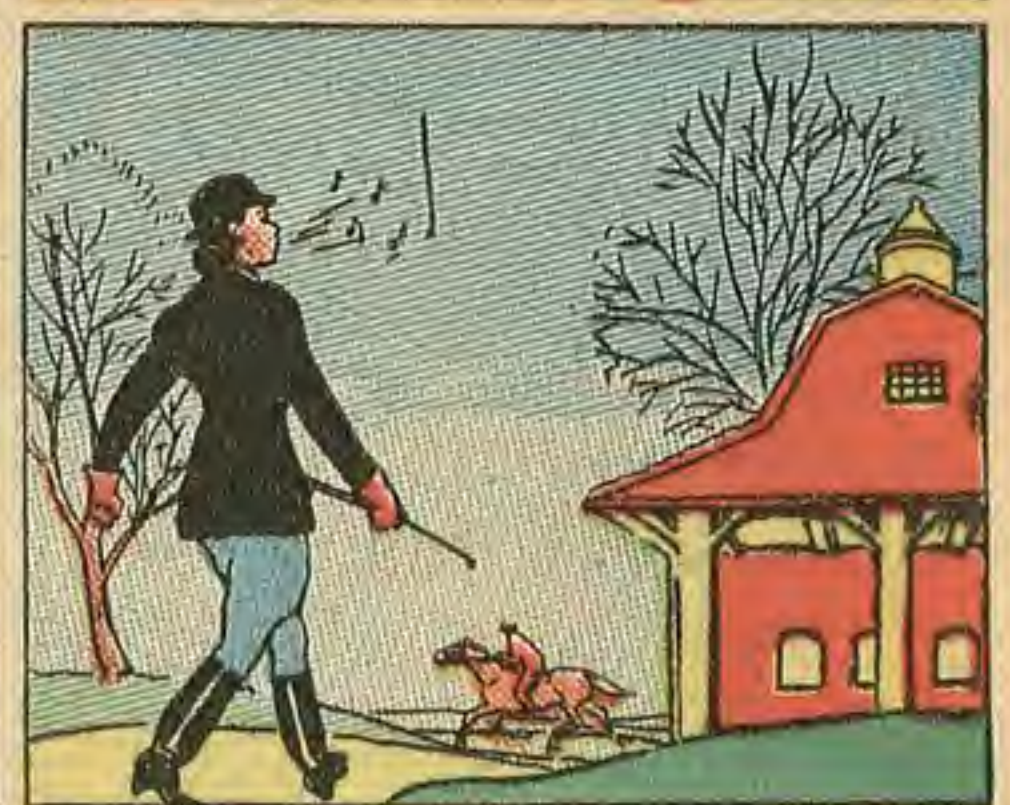
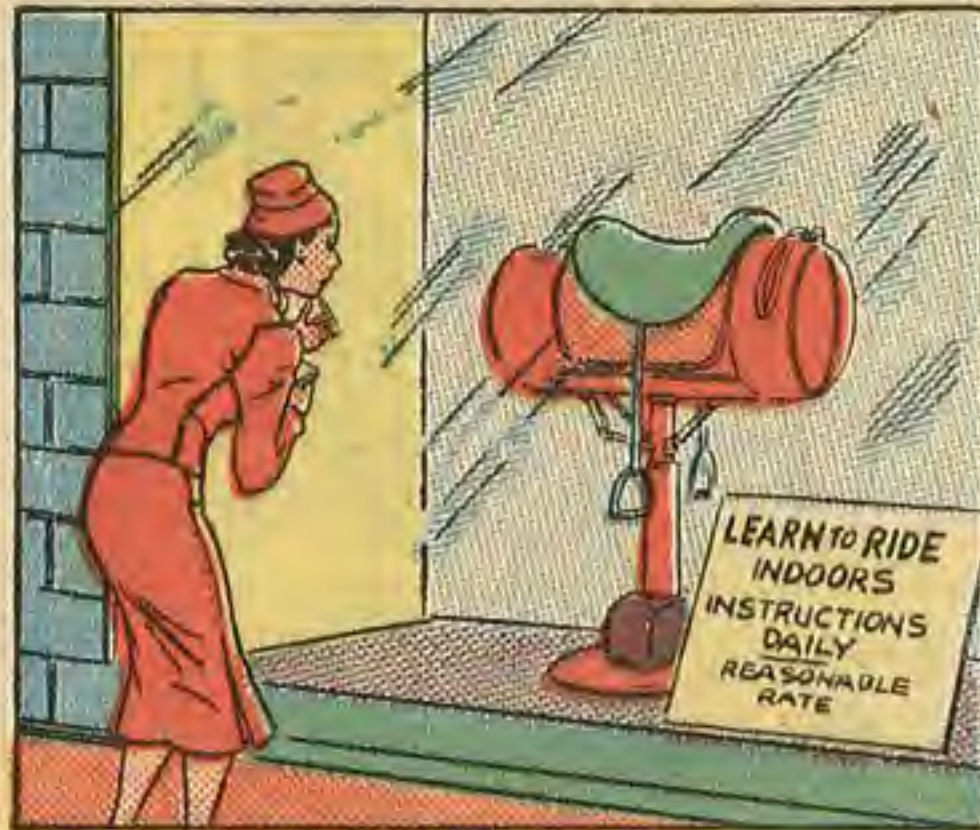
THE FLYING TIN CAN!
THE ZMC-2 IS
THE ONLY SUCCESSFUL
ALL-METAL DIRIGIBLE
EVER CONSTRUCTED...



DIXIE DUGAN

McNaught Syndicate, Inc.

By J. P. McEVOY and J. H. STRIEBEL



GOOD
DEED
DOY



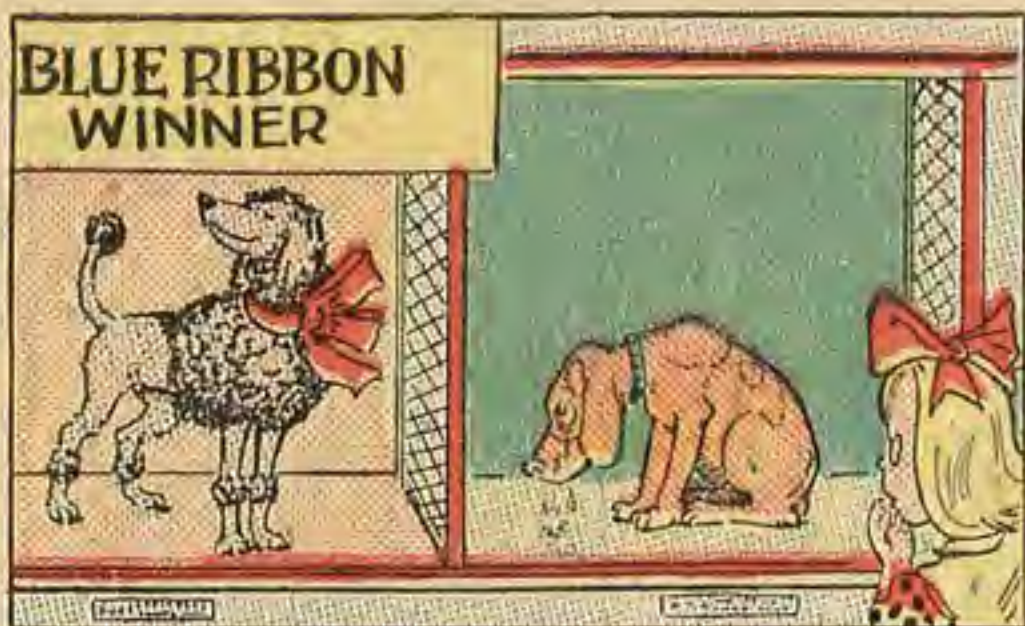
DIXIE DUGAN

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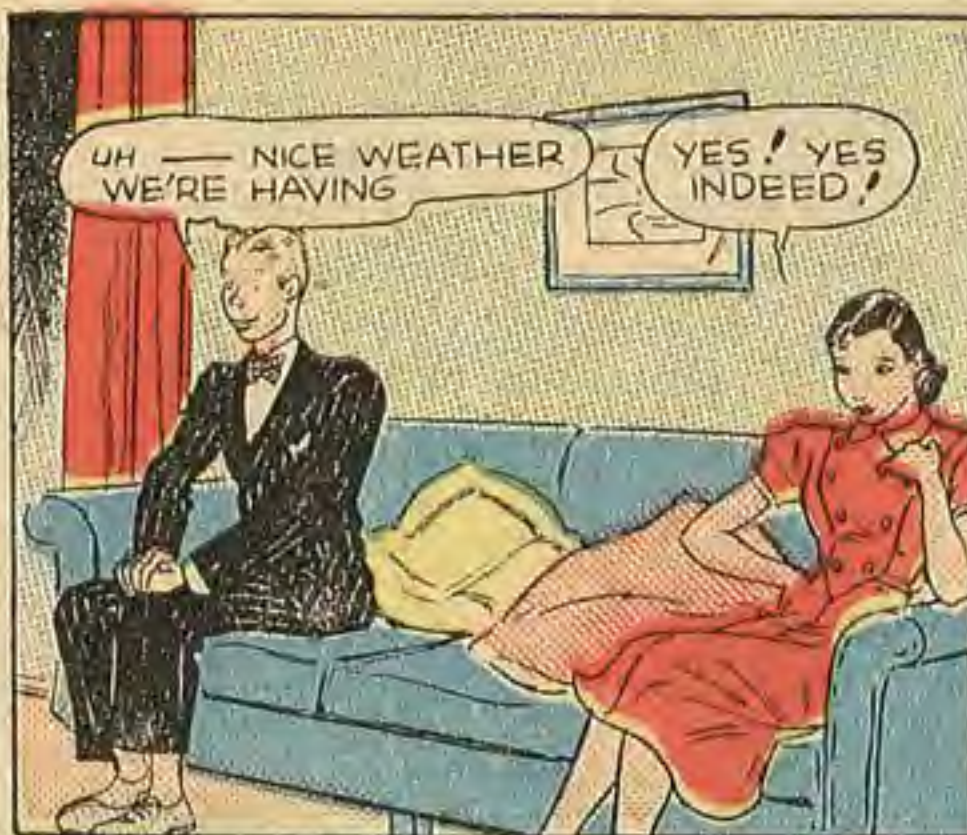
APRIL FOOL, DEAR!!



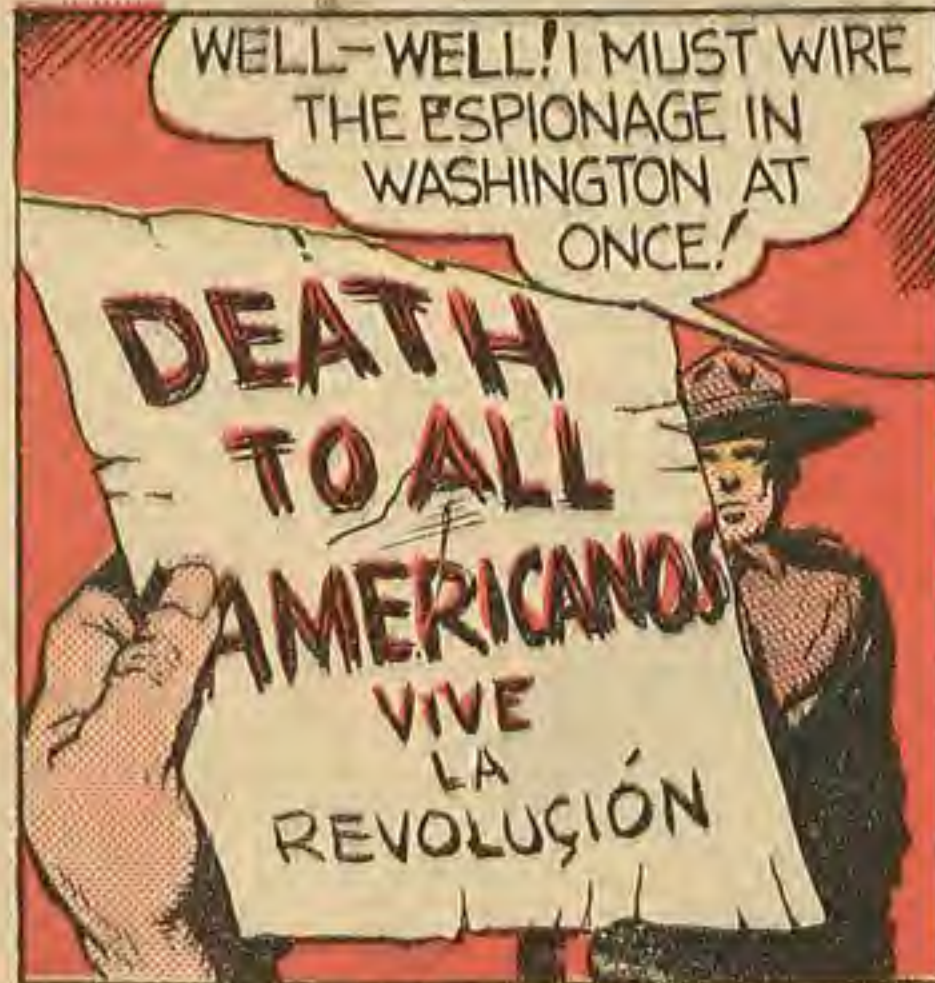
DIXIE DUGAN

McClure Syndicate, Inc.

By J. P. McEVOY and J. H. STRIEBEL



More of Dixie Dugan in the May issue—on sale March 31st.



NEXT DAY, AT A NEW YORK TRAVEL AGENCY.....

ONE PASSAGE ON THE PANAMA LINE, ALSO A TICKET FOR A PRIVATE PLANE--



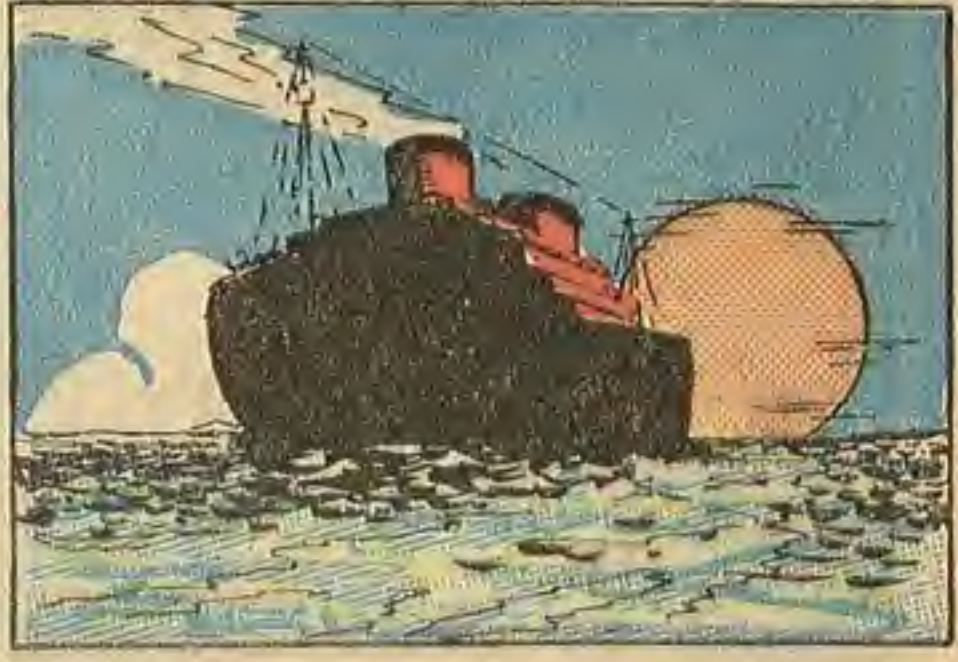
YES, SIR

DO YOU WISH TO BOOK PASSAGE ON THE PAN-AMERICAN CLIPPER?

--ERNO--I WANT TO SAIL ON THE SAME SHIP THAT MAN IS TAKING---



THUS, THE BIG SUPER-LINER "GRANADA" POINTS HER PROW TOWARD TROPICAL WATERS, BEARING AMONG HER PASSENGERS "BLACK X", AND HIS DEVOTED VALET, BATU....



IN THEIR CABIN, "X" MAKES NEW PLANS.

BATU, THAT MAN I SAW IN THE TRAVEL AGENCY WAS GENERAL HOCH, THE REVOLUTIONIST--- STRANGE, HE SHOULD BE GOING TO PANAMA AT THIS TIME!



NOT SO STRANGE--WHERE THERE IS A REVOLT--- THERE'S HOCH---I THINK HIM MIXED UP IN THIS---

I'M GOING TO GET PERMISSION TO LOOK AT HOCH'S PLANE IN THE HOLD---SHOULD WE SEPARATE, YOU'LL REPORT TO COLONEL BALDRIGE



WILL DO, MASTER--



HMM--STRANGE! THIS PLANE HAS NOT BEEN DISMANTLED--

ALONE, THE "BLACK X" MAKES A CAREFUL SEARCH OF THE SHIP'S HOLD.

--AND CONCEALED MACHINE GUNS! BY JOVE! THIS PLANE IS EQUIPPED FOR INSTANT ACTION!



PUT UP YOUR HANDS, SNOOPER, DON'T LET OUT A PEEP OR I'LL BLOW YOUR HEAD OFF! FRISK HIM, OTTO!

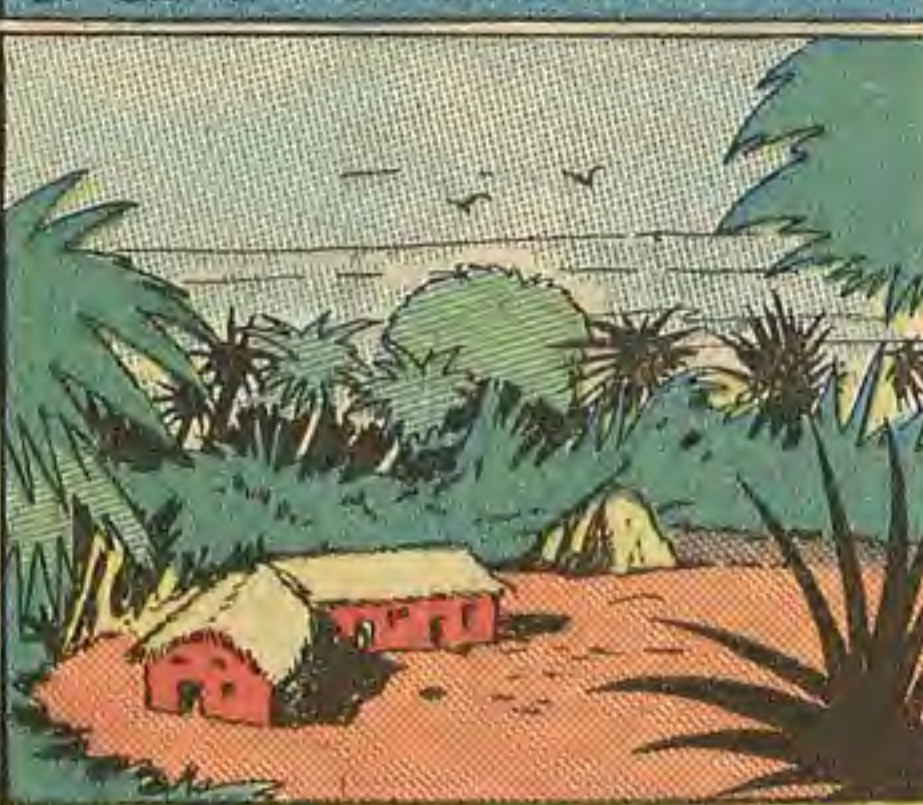


CARRAMBA! THIS 'BIRD' IS AN AMERICAN ESPIONAGE AGENT! WHAT'LL WE DO WITH HIM?

KEEP HIM HERE 'TILL WE HEAR FROM THE BOSS



A FEW DAYS LATER, "BLACK X" FINDS HIMSELF IN THE JUNGLE HIDEOUT OF GENERAL HOCH.....



I HAD A HUNCH YOU WERE MIXED UP IN THIS, HOCH--YOU AND TROUBLE GO HAND-IN-HAND!

YOU'RE A VERY CLEVER FELLOW--IT MIGHT BE WORTH WHILE FOR YOU TO JOIN US--EH??



JOIN A CREW OF RATS, WHO LIVE ON WAR AND MURDER! NOT ON YOUR LIFE!

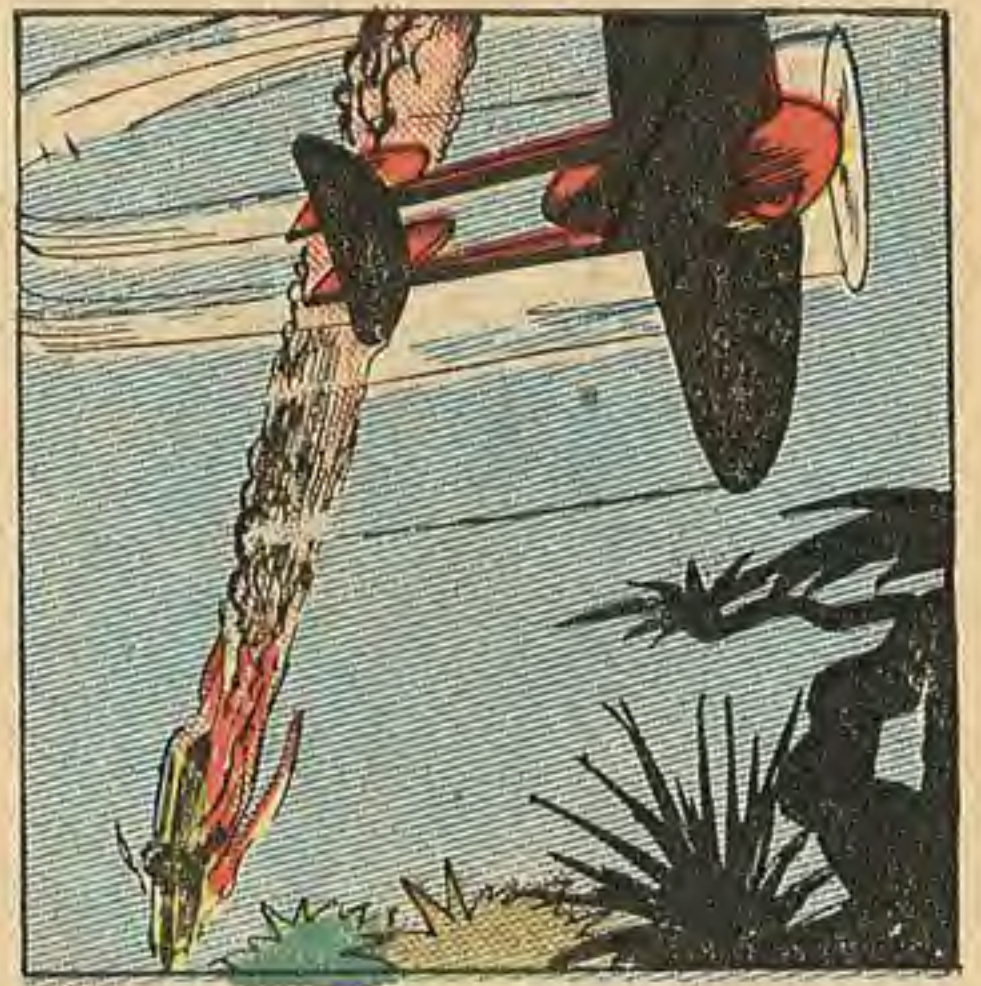
NO MATTER, TOMORROW WE BEGIN OUR LITTLE REVOLUTION--IN A MONTH, I WILL BE DICTATOR OF PANAMA AND THE CANAL WILL BE IN MY POSSESSION!



NEXT MORNING, A LONE U.S. ARMY
PATROL PLANE CRUISES
SERENELY OVER THE JUNGLE.....



SUDDENLY, OUT OF A CLOUD-
BANK, A POWERFUL
PLANE ROARS DOWN
UPON IT-- GUNS
SPITTING LEADEN
DEATH.....



IN HOCH'S JUNGLE STRONGHOLD, "X"
CHAFES IN CAPTIVITY-----AT LAST,
HE PLANS AN ESCAPE.....



IN
PANAMA,
BATU
FINALLY
REACHES
COLONEL
BALDRIGE
WITH
NEWS OF
"BLACK X'S"
DISAPPEAR-
ANCE....

NATIVES TELL
ME MASTER
IS IN JUNGLE
NORTH OF
HERE!

I'LL
SEND A
SCOUT
PLANE
AT ONCE,
BATU!



MEANWHILE, "X" BREAKS FREE....

NOW FOR THE RADIO
ROOM--AND GET A
MESSAGE THROUGH
TO PANAMA!



PARDON ME, BUT
I'M GOING TO USE
THAT RADIO
TRANSMITTER!



THE
AMERICAN
!



I HOPE THIS RADIO IS
POWERFUL ENOUGH!



HELLO, HELLO-- PANAMA, THIS
IS "BLACK X" CALLING---I'M AT
THE REBEL BASE IN THE
JUNGLE!!

I'M TEN
MILES FROM
JUAREZ--SEND
HELP AT ONCE!



COLONEL BALDRIGE'S RESCUE PLANE PICKS UP "BLACK X'S" MESSAGE....



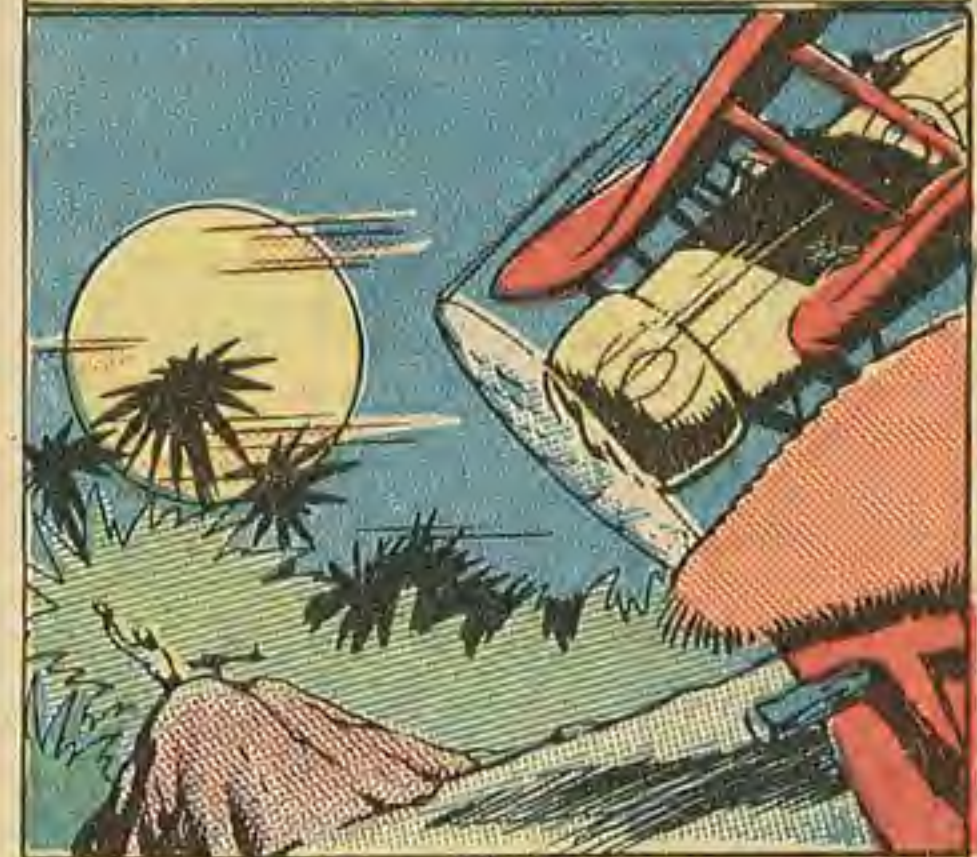
THE HEAVY DRONE OF THE RESCUE PLANE IS HEARD BY HOCH.....



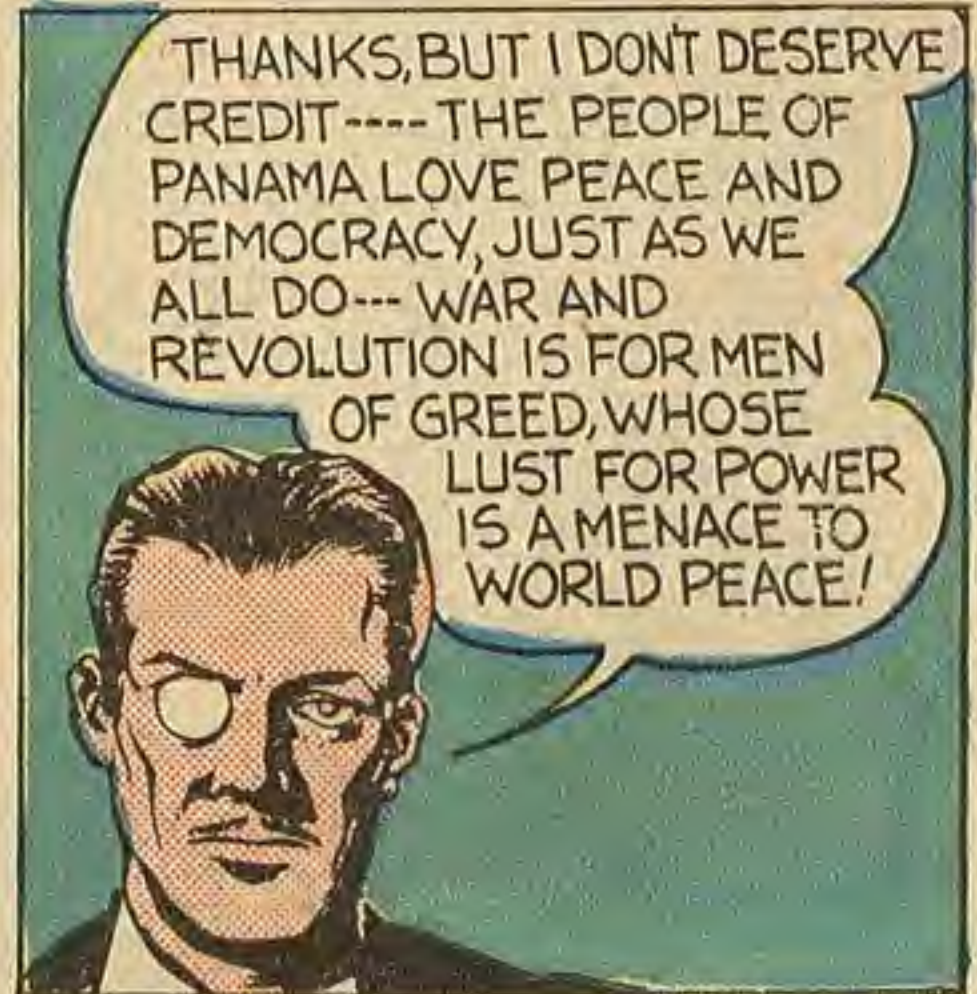
"BLACK X'S" GUNS BARK DEATH TO THE SURPRISED REVOLUTIONISTS..



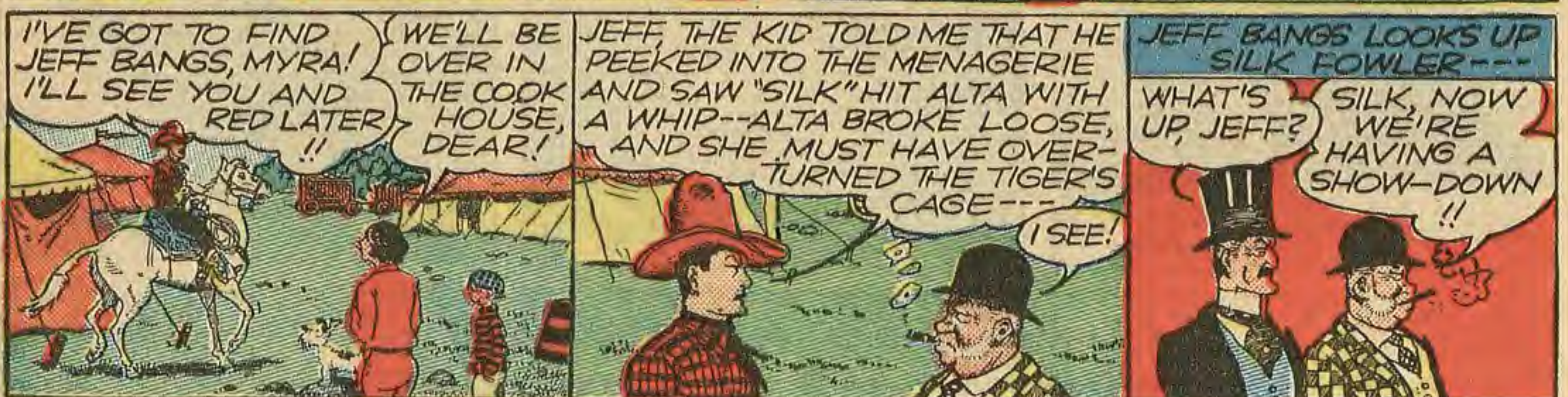
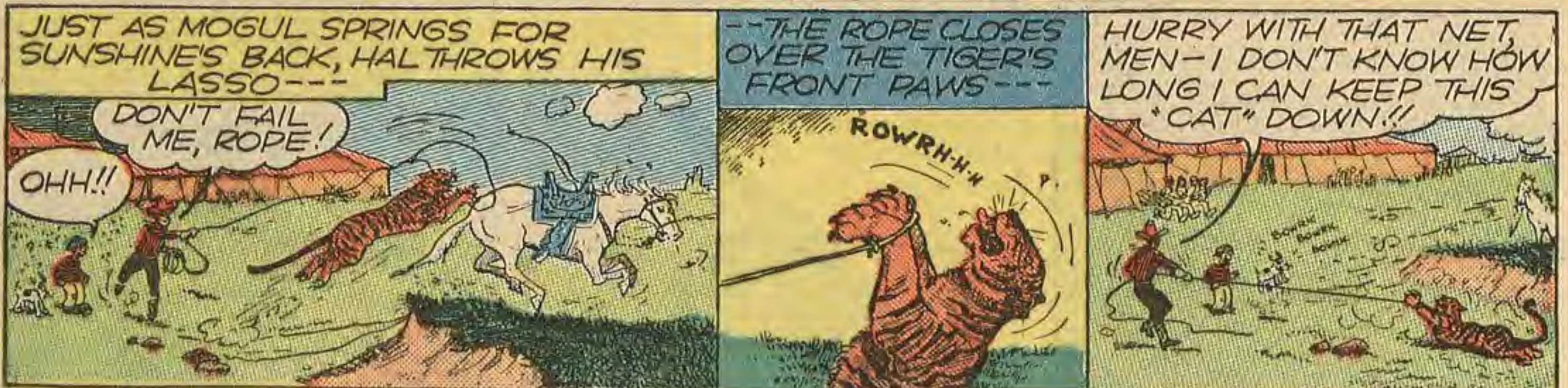
AT HIS SIGNAL, THE CIRCLING PLANE SWOOPS TO A LANDING...



A FEW WEEKS LATER, IN THE "BLACK X'S" FAVORITE RESTAURANT IN WASHINGTON.



BIG TOP BY ED WHEELAN



BIG TOP By ED WHEELAN



Big Top is continued in the May issue--on sale March 31st.

Richard MANNERS

THE SUPER SLEUTH

BY Frollo



RICHARD MANNERS AFTER RETURNING FROM HIS VACATION WHERE HE SOLVED A BAFFLING CASE, IS AGAIN CAUGHT IN THE HUM-DRUM OF THE CITY--- ONE EVENING WHILE LEAVING HIS OFFICE HE PAUSES TO BUY A NEWSPAPER---

PAPER
MISTER?

YES!



WHEW!! SHE'S AT
IT AGAIN!



UPON ARRIVING HOME
MANNERS RECEIVES A
TELEGRAM---

MISTER MANNERS A
MESSAGE CAME FOR
YOU, SIR.



NOT BAD NEWS,
I HOPE DICK!

NO DAD, IT'S
FROM A
FORMER
ACQUAINTANCE,
JOAN DE VRILLE
SHE'S LEAVING
FOR FRANCE!



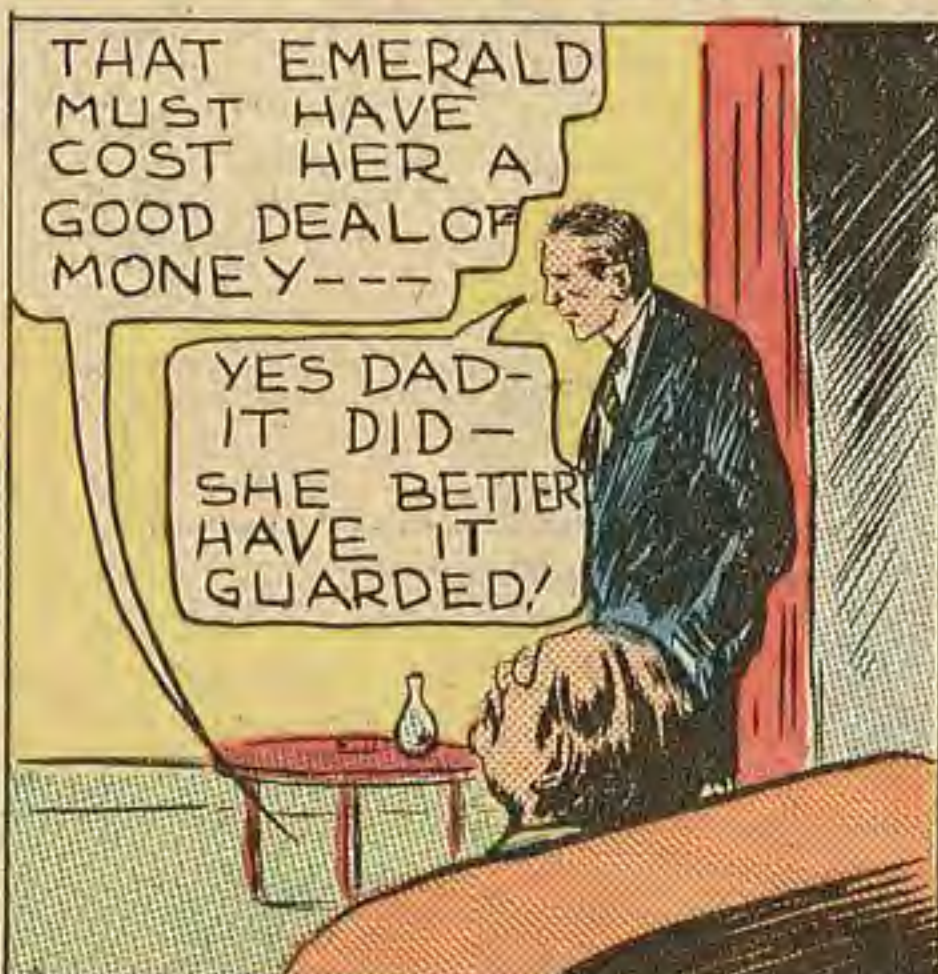
THERE WAS QUITE AN
ARTICLE IN THE PAPER
ABOUT HER THIS
EVENING - DID
YOU SEE IT?
-- SOMETHING
ABOUT A
STONE SHE
HAS---

YES
DAD!



THAT EMERALD
MUST HAVE
COST HER A
GOOD DEAL OF
MONEY---

YES DAD-
IT DID -
SHE BETTER
HAVE IT
GUARDED!



A \$50,000 EMERALD
WILL ATTRACT A GREAT
DEAL OF ATTENTION--

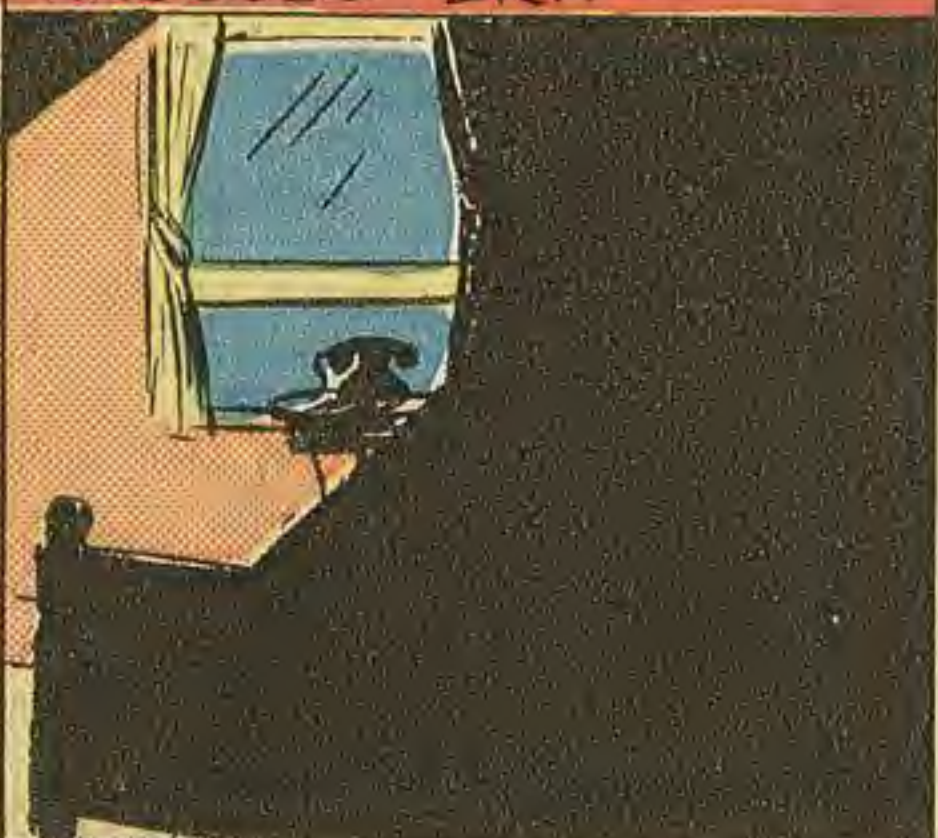


WELL DAD, I'M TIRED
AND I GUESS I'LL
RETIRE!

GOOD NIGHT,
SON!

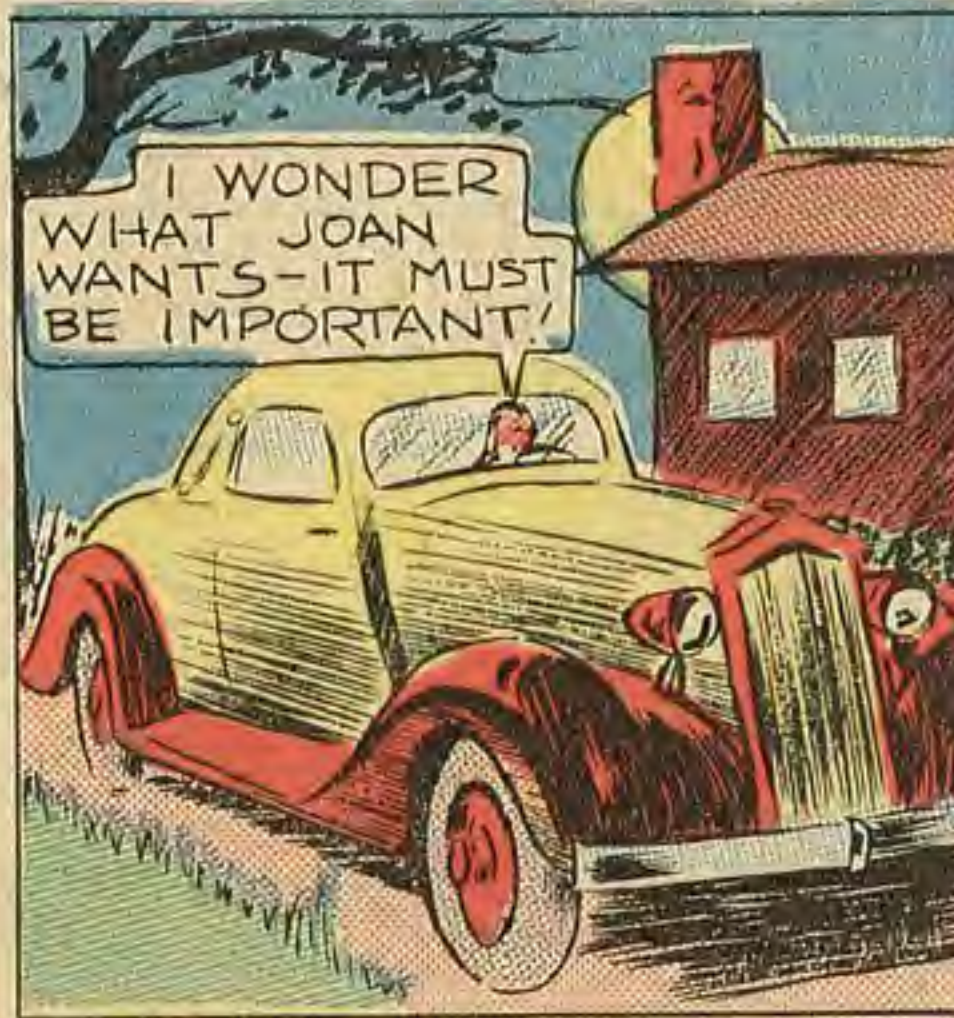


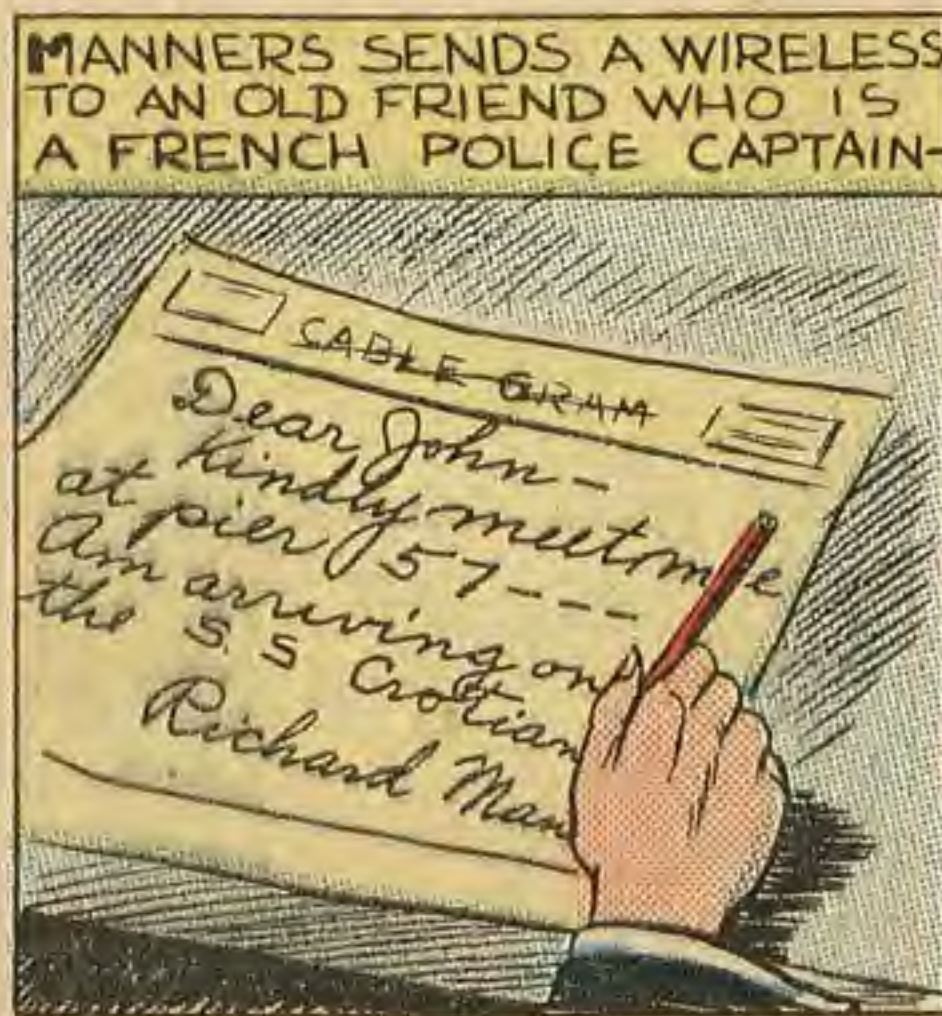
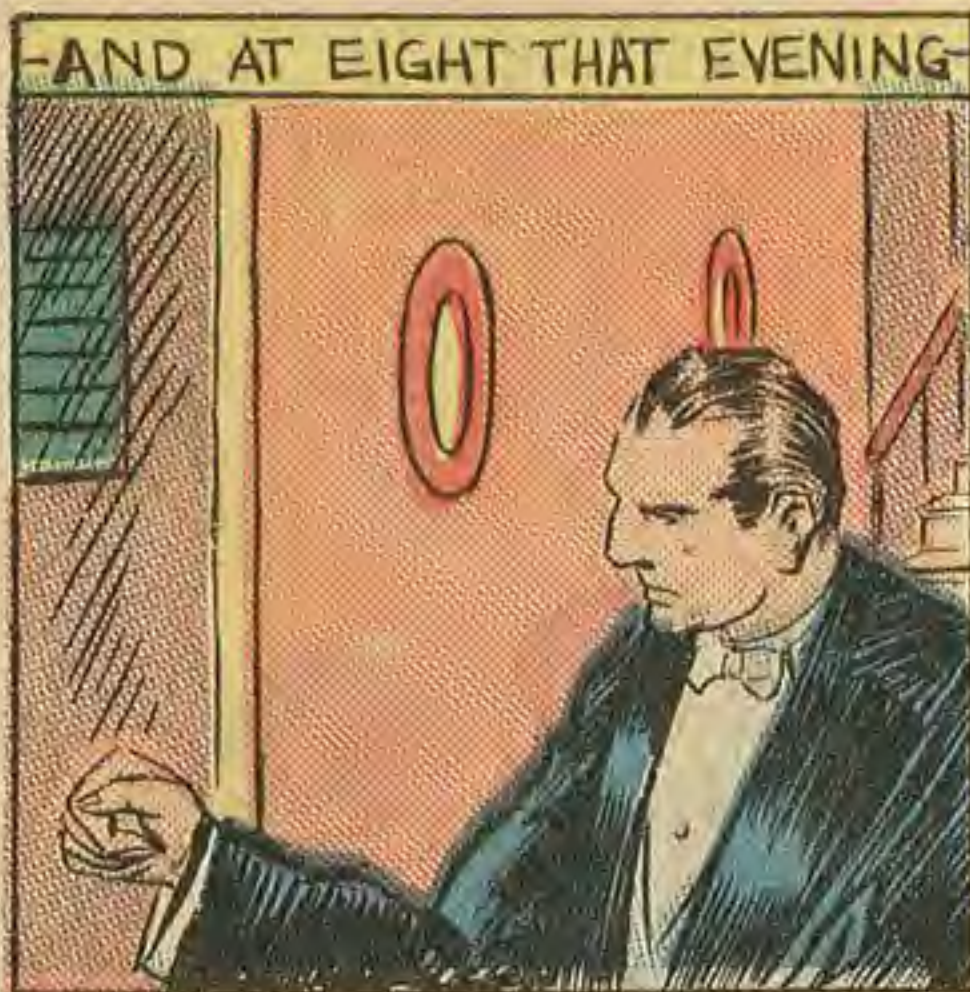
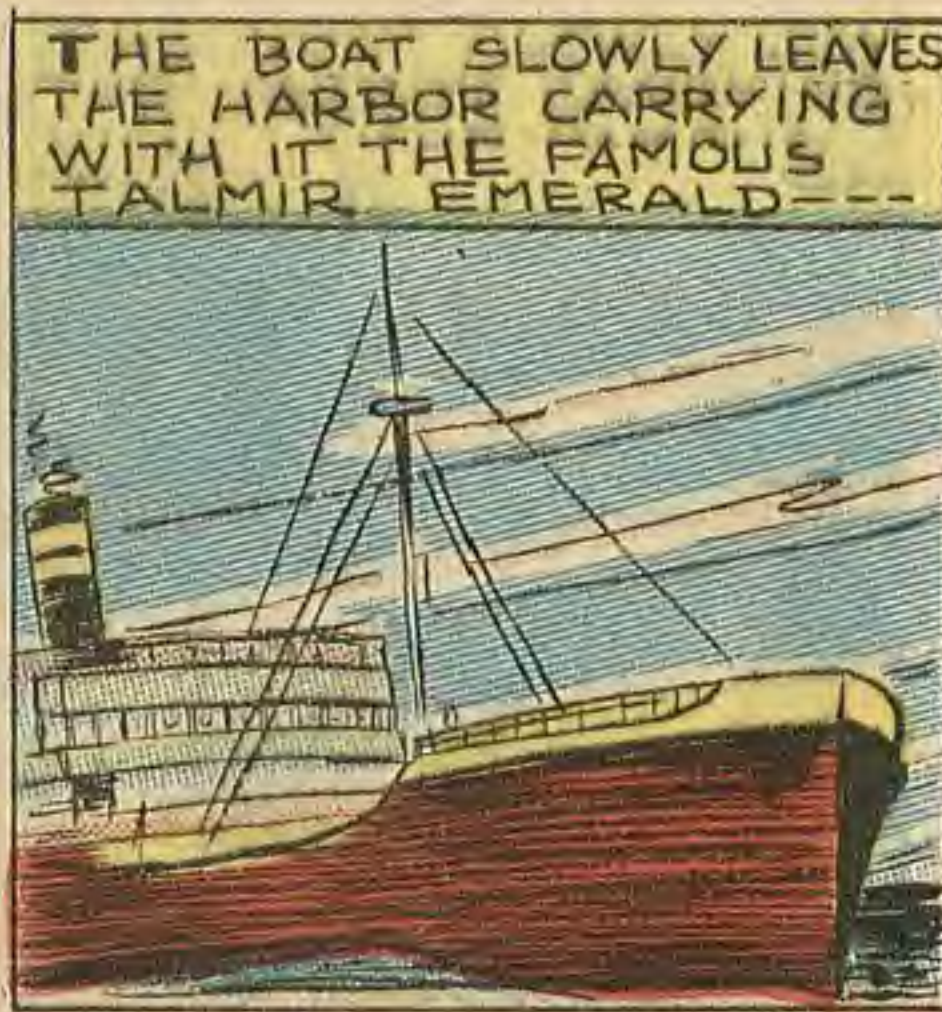
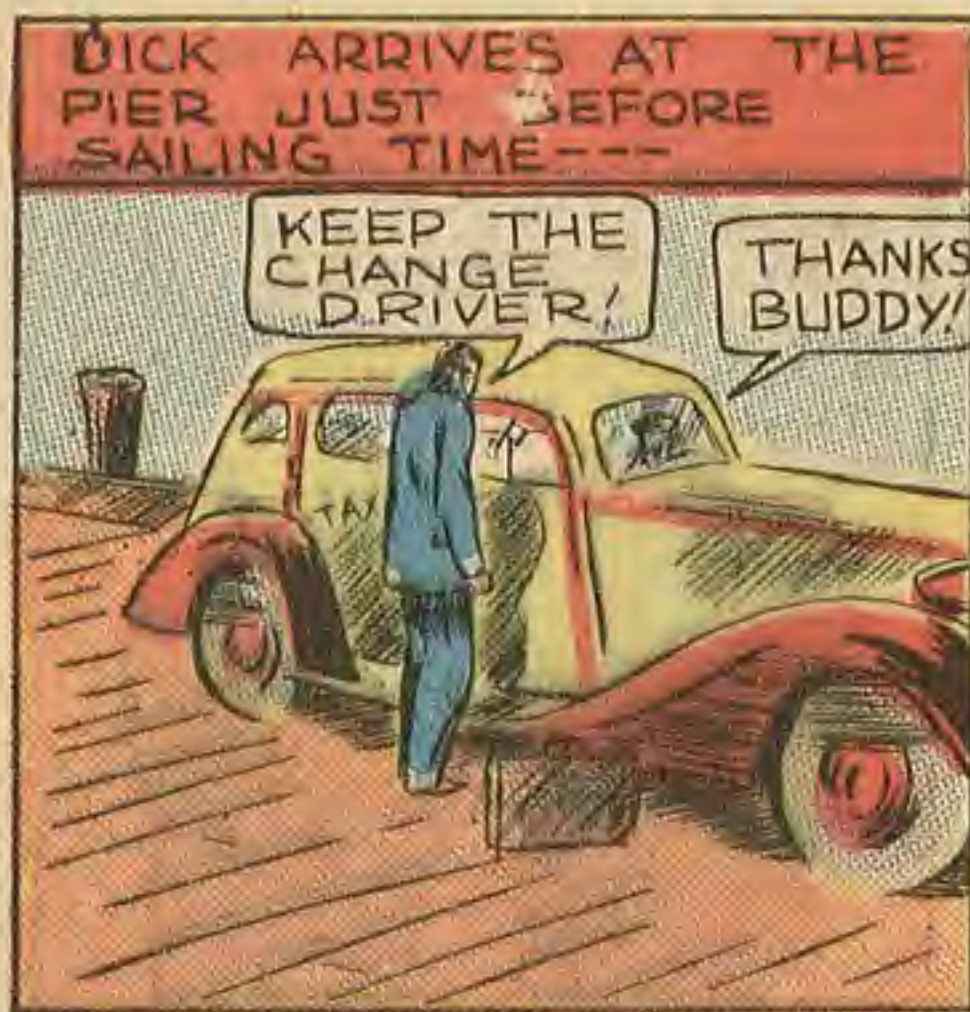
AT THREE O'CLOCK IN THE
MORNING THE TELEPHONE
AROUSSES DICK---

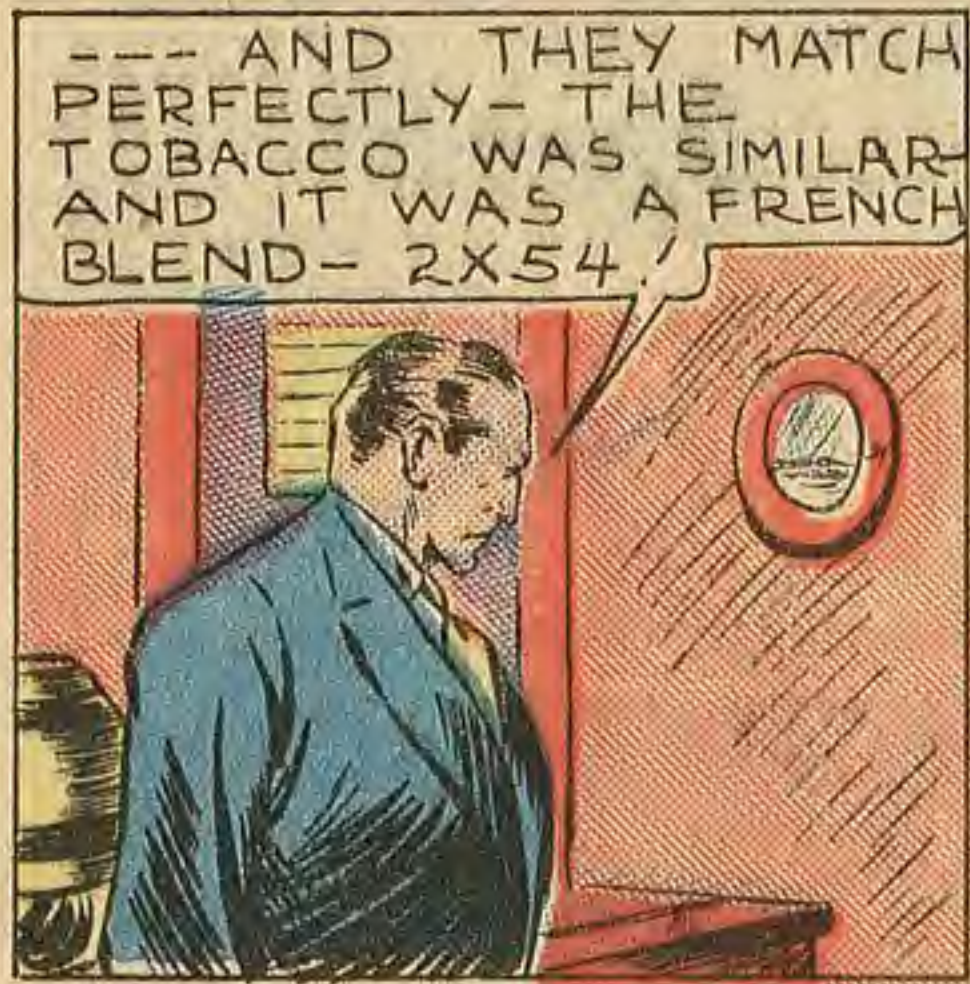


I WONDER WHO
THAT COULD
BE AT THIS
HOUR?









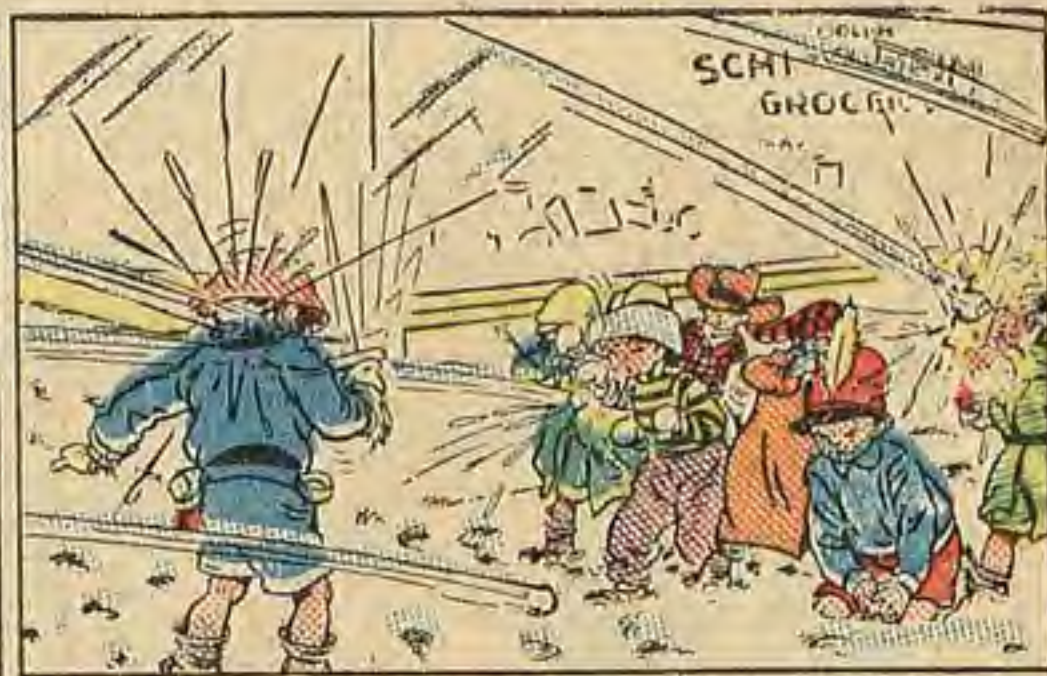
Follow Richard Manners in the May issue—on sale March 31st.

TODDY

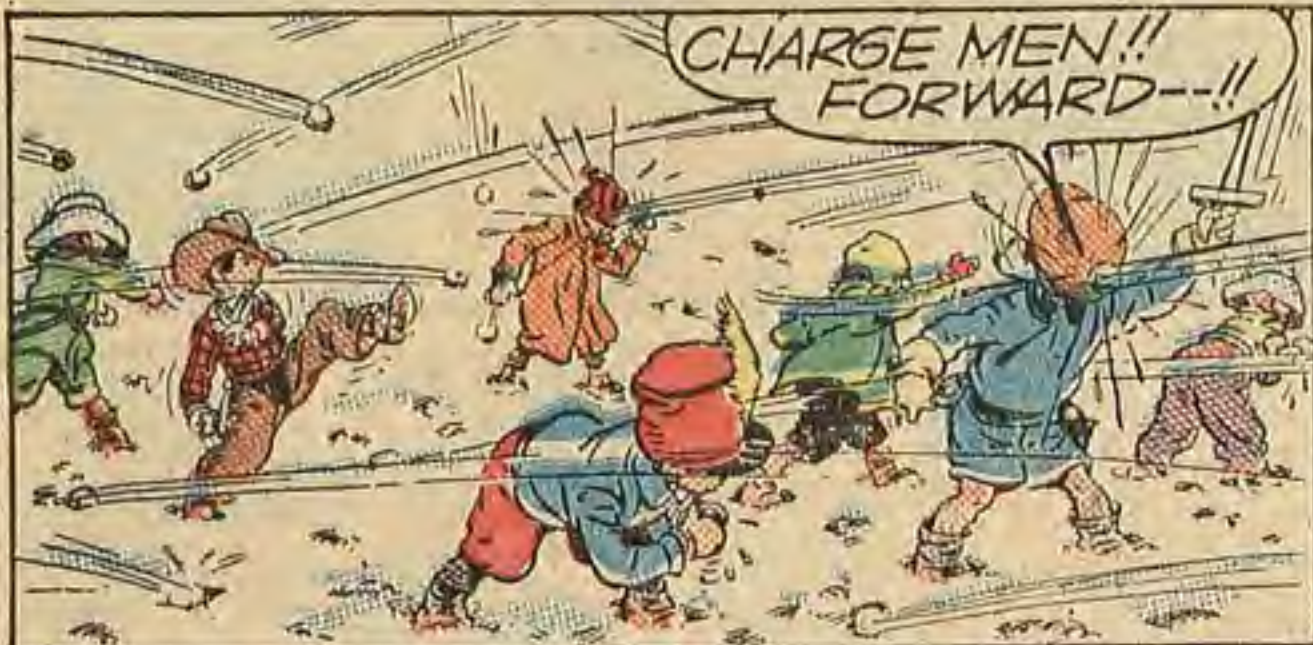
BY

GEORGE MARCOUX

MEN-THIS WAR WITH RUSTY'S GANG IS A WAR T'END WARS--LIKE TH' WORLD WAR!!



CHARGE MEN!! FORWARD--!!



SCHMELHEIM GROCERIES MEATS



WHAT'S THE MATTER, TODDY--DID YOUR ARMY LOSE?



YES, DAD!

BUT, ANYWAY TH' WAR WAS A BIG SUCCESS!



-CAUSE IT WAS A WAR T'END WARS, LIKE YOURS, DAD--



-IT ENDED WAR IN THIS PART OF TOWN FOR- EVER!



MY WAR WASN'T THAT SUCCESSFUL, SON!

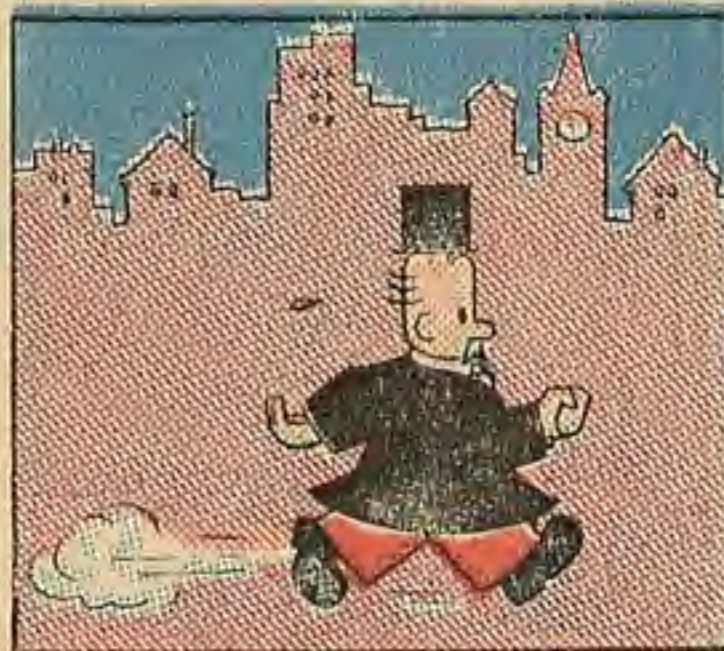
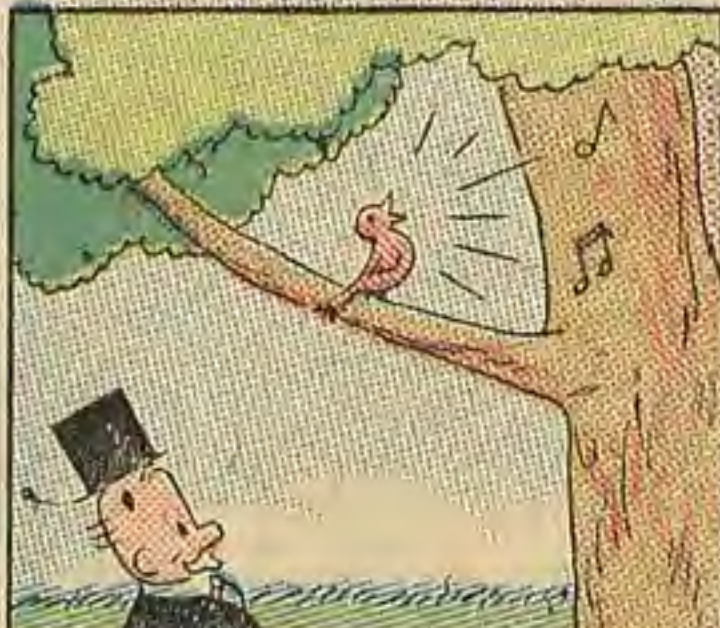
THAT'S 'CAUSE MR. SCHMELHEIM DIDN'T OWN TH' WINDOWS YOUR WAR BUSTED !!



MORTIMER MUM

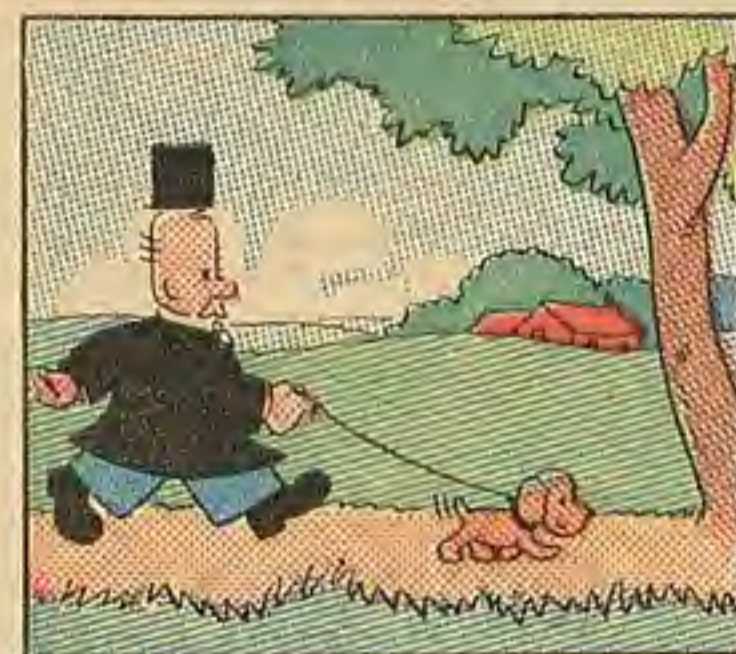
BY

S. A. K. R. E. N.



TODDY

BY
GEORGE MARCOUX



More of Toddy in the May issue--on sale March 31st.

THE OUTCAST . . . By Robert M. Hyatt

Adventures among Hopi sheep-herders

LOBO THE DOG-WOLF lifted his long gaunt muzzle and tested the wind. A soft whisper escaped him. Faintly there was borne to him the cloying man smell. That would be Little Hawk. Little Hawk who tended the great flocks in the valley of the Cijitas. Little Hawk who had been his friend—and now hated him and sought his death!

Lobo humped his thin gray shoulders against the sting of bitter cold that blew down across the snow-crested Cathedrals. Lobo was hungry, ravenously hungry. For three days he had tasted no food and his long flanks were beginning to sink and grow lean. But worse than that Lobo was lonely. Lonely for Little Hawk and his comforting words, for the corner in the tent-wagon, and the soft bleating of the flocks. Lonely—

Little Hawk had chased him away because he thought him a sheep killer. Why? Because he was half wolf? That was no fault of his. He was also half Collie. Sometimes Collies were sheep killers. Was it because he always came in from night herd alone? But that was because the other dogs hated him because he was part wolf. He always had gone alone—all through his life—until Little Hawk had rescued him from the terrible jaws of that trap up on the Nueces.

Little Hawk had been such a fine pal! For months he had romped with him, teasing and petting him, until from a gangling puppy he had grown into a great, powerful dog with wise eyes and a noble head that cocked on one side whenever Little Hawk spoke to him.

Why wouldn't Little Hawk listen to him when he tried so hard to tell him that he wasn't a sheep killer? He could understand everything Little Hawk said. Of course, there was the matter of that tuft of bloodstained wool which Little Hawk had found clinging to his mouth, following the slaying of many sheep in a box canon one night. But Lobo hadn't killed sheep! He had merely fought off old Ukut, the wolf king, and dragged the dead lambs into the bushes.

But Little Hawk hadn't listened to him. There had been too many killings, and neither Little Hawk nor Flat Nose, his partner, had seen a wolf all winter. Everything pointed to Lobo as the culprit. Lobo

had fled, Little Hawk pumping bullets after him.

Sad day, that. Sadder night, this. Lobo could see the tiny glow of light far below in the valley. That would be Little Hawk's lantern inside the warm tent-wagon. He and Flat Nose would be eating dinner now. Eating!

Lobo whimpered forlornly. He tested the wind in the hope that he would catch the spoor of some animal. But only the thin, freezing air of the mountains touched his sensitive nostrils. Go seek out old Ukut and the wolf tribe? No! Ukut hated him, as did all the wolves; he was half dog. Little Hawk hated him. Lobo was an outcast! With a sad whine he drifted over the ridge . . .

The blizzard struck at midnight. It howled down out of the north like a wailing fiend. It beat the spruce trees almost to the ground and flung up great white barriers of snow.

Little Hawk woke up suddenly. "Flat Nose!" he called. "Wake up—big blow!"

Flat Nose mumbled drowsily and jerked erect in his bunk. "Ugh!" he grunted. "Storm devils angry!"

Little Hawk got into his clothes, lit the two lanterns and drew on a woollen cap.

"You go up coulee," he directed. "Get lambs started down—take Tito and Igloot. I take east slope, with other dogs."

Little Hawk darted out of the tent-wagon and down the steps. In a moment he had slipped into his snowshoes and was pushing away over the fluffy snow in the direction of the wild yelping that came to his ears faintly.

"Lobo devil, I betcha!" he muttered. "Prob'ly killed sheep. Ugh, Nakut and Pogo fix him!" He was referring to the two dogs left guarding the sheep.

After a quarter of a mile Little Hawk reached the east slope and a mass of gray shadows loomed in front of him. It was the main flock, already on the run for the valley. Nakut and Pogo were doing their duty.

Little Hawk scampered out of the way and heard with a reassuring thrill the short yelps of the herd dogs as they kept the big flock on the move. He turned back towards the wagon.

Flat Nose had not arrived, so Lit-

tle Hawk set about reviving the fire in the pot-bellied stove.

An hour passed and Flat Nose hadn't come. Little Hawk began to have misgivings. The flock up the coulee was small and Tito and Igloot were excellent herders. What was keeping Flat Nose? Another hour slipped by and twice during the interval Little Hawk heard the dogs barking furiously. Nothing could make them do that except wolves—or old Lobo!

Little Hawk gritted his teeth and vowed that he would devote the whole next day to hunting down the wolf dog.

The storm was dying down and the snow had stopped falling. Little Hawk grew anxious over Flat Nose's absence. He went to the tent flap and peered into the night. He could see nothing but white silence. Then he tensed suddenly. From somewhere in the pale gloom beyond came a cry that sounded more like a sob:

"Little Hawk! Help!"

Little Hawk leaped out of the wagon and went floundering through the deep snow. In a few minutes he saw a dark blob on the whiteness.

"Flat Nose!" he cried, dropping to his knees before the inert form. "What matter?"

"Fell," came the weak voice of Flat Nose, "back over ridge. Broke leg—oo-oo!"

Frantically Little Hawk worked an arm under his companion's shoulder and lifted. Ten minutes later he had Flat Nose in his bunk and was pulling his clothes off. Flat Nose nearly fainted as Little Hawk drew the boot of his right foot.

The leg bone had snapped just above the ankle—a bad break and Little Hawk knew that he would have to go to town for the doctor. He pressed steaming cloths against the break, but it kept swelling rapidly.

Flat Nose groaned with pain.

"I get white-man-doctor," said Little Hawk. "I be back three hours."

The injured boy nodded. "Hurry-up plenty fast!" he moaned.

Little Hawk's snowshoes sank and clogged in the new snow, slowing him down. The nearest town lay five miles away. Once he heard dogs yelping and the sound seemed to come from directly ahead. He

knew that a deep hogback cut the plateau about a mile away. It had been the scene of several sheep killings.

After another mile, Little Hawk paused to get his breath. Suddenly he stiffened, listening. Clearly above the whistle of wind he could hear a sound that turned his blood to ice. Wolves! The long, dreadful wail of a hunting wolf that had picked up a scent. His scent? He shivered and went on.

Another caught up the frightful dirge. A great fear clutched Little Hawk. If a pack of the gaunt gray killers were on his trail, he would have little chance of escaping. His rifle, of small calibre, would be almost useless. He plunged through the gloom, murmuring a prayer.

The wolves were nearer now, closing up. He had covered a quarter-mile when a dark shadow flashed across the trail, vanishing in the darkness. Another came, darting nearer, and he could hear the click of long, sharp fangs. Two more shadows flitted like phantoms in front of him. They were lunging in now, lashing at his legs and giving short, sharp yelps.

Suddenly one of the brutes leaped in and Little Hawk felt a searing hot pain in his thigh. He halted, bringing his gun up and firing at the nearest shadow. The hammer snapped on an empty chamber. He jerked the trigger again and again, levering the weapon. The magazine was empty!

By now the hungry killers were crowding him, leaping and snarling. He clubbed his rifle and brought it down upon the back of a wolf. The animal let out an agonized yelp and the pack scattered. But only for a moment. They came again. A dozen great shapes leaped at him and Little Hawk felt his coat being ripped to ribbons. A sharp tooth tore across his forearm and he dropped the gun.

The wolves seemed to realize the helplessness of their victim and lunged in like demons. He went down and gleaming tusks flicked past his face. Little Hawk knew the end would be soon. The wolves were maddened by hunger and soon one of them would find his throat.

He fought with his bare hands. He could hear low savage growls. The wolves were falling back; striking in again, only to retreat as something fought them off. It was probably, Little Hawk thought dully, the king wolf who was claiming the victim as his own. But he was meeting resistance.

Once hot breath spurted against his face and a rough tongue licked across his forehead. Then his

shoulder was grasped in long teeth and he felt himself being dragged through the snow. The king had him! The end would come quickly now. He was too weak to fight.

Through the darkness that closed in upon him, Little Hawk could hear the devilish paean of fighting wolves and he felt himself rolling over and over and a great blackness blotted out everything . . .

A sharp tingling sensation woke him and he sat up. Pale sunshine glinted on the snow. Then the horrors of the night came back to him and he looked around the little gully where he lay. Where was he? How did he get here? There were no wolves, no sounds, but a trail of blood stained the snow leading to the top of the ravine.

Stiffly he got to his feet and began tottering toward it. Half way up he heard his name called in a deep voice. Then over the edge a man's head showed—a man with a big Stetson hat and khaki uniform. It was Mike O'Conner, a State game hunter.

"Lo, Hawk!" the man shouted as he hurried down the slope and took Little Hawk's arm. "You all right?"

Little Hawk admitted that he was, much to his amazement, unhurt except for a few scratches.

"You must've had a time of it, Hawk," said Mike. "I've been trailin' that pack since fall. Seems like they met their master."

"Hunh?" Little Hawk asked vaguely. For a fleeting moment he thought that O'Conner meant that he—Little Hawk—had overpowered the wolves.

"Take a look at this!" exclaimed the hunter, when they had reached the top of the plateau. It was a scene of terrific struggle, a shambles, the snow red-splotted. Five dead wolves lay about. Had they, Little Hawk wondered, killed themselves fighting over him?

"Ugh—I no get—" Little Hawk's head was reeling.

"Look—that old lad did it!" said Mike O'Conner, pointing. He dragged the huge body of a wolf out of the bushes. The animal was stiff in death, his great jaws clamped about the throat of a wolf.

"Lobo!" cried Little Hawk, a tear springing into his eye. "An' me I think Lobo him sheep killer! It was Lobo fight wolf last night—roll me into gully. He saved my life, Mike! Poor old Lobo, an' all-time I chase him away from camp!"

Little Hawk's eyes filled with tears and he turned from O'Conner lest this show him weak.

"Better come on into town," said Mike gently. "Bill and me found Flat Nose last night, and Bill lugged him into the doctor's. He has a pretty bad ankle."

"Poor old Lobo," sobbed Little Hawk. "To think he died—"

"Like a king," finished Mike O'Conner softly.

The Mystery of Echo Island by John A. Thorne starts in the May issue—on sale March 31st.



OFF THE RECORD By ED REED,

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MARKSMAN!

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USE
BULLS EYE

copper-coated
steel shot for ac-
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APPROVED for Daisys
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only

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get your heart set on a
famous DAISY... go to
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the beautiful models selling
from \$1.25 up. Or, write us
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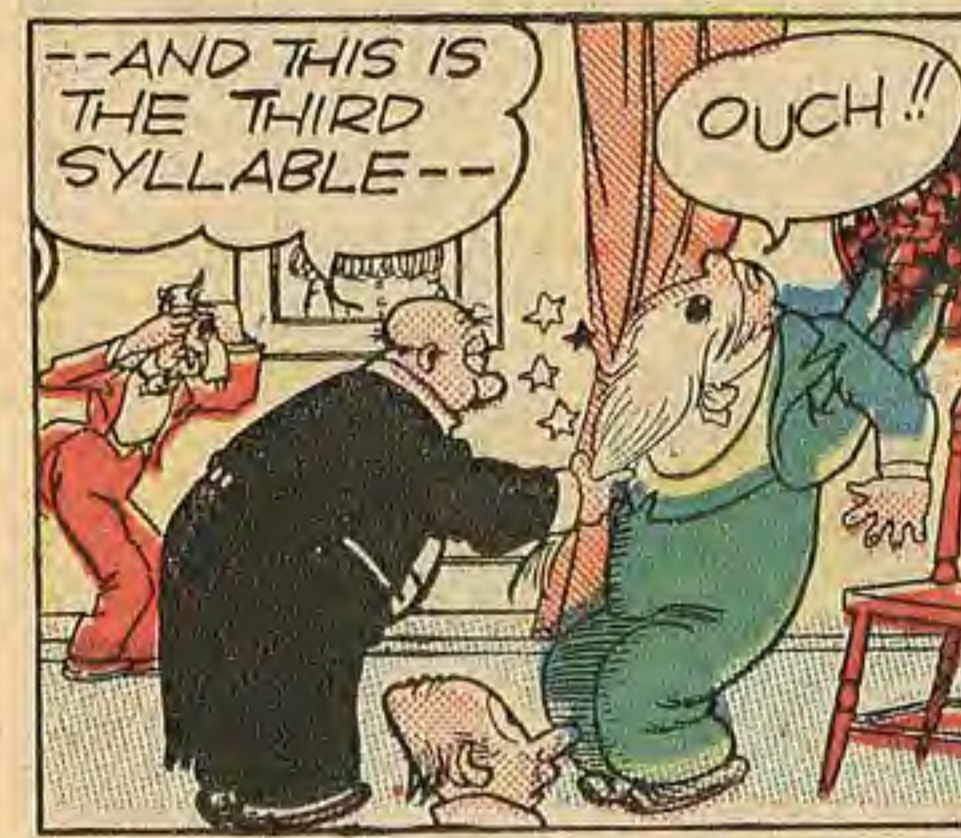
DAISY MFG. CO., 903 Union St., Plymouth, Mich.



LALA PALOOZA

BY RUBE GOLDBERG

VINCENT'S WAY OF
ESCAPING TAX COLLECTOR--
WHEN COLLECTOR OPENS
DOOR, GADGETS CAUSE
VINCENT TO BE
COVERED WITH
WHITEWASH,
MAKING HIM
LOOK LIKE
WHITE
STATUE--



LALA PALOOZA

By RUBE GOLDBERG

Registered U. S. Patent Office



VINCENT'S SELF-DUNKING DOUGHNUT--HE POINTS TO GET DINNER PARTNER TO LOOK THE OTHER WAY--HIS HAND PULLS ON LIGHT, WHICH SHINES ON 'BIG WALNUT--SQUIRREL JUMPS FROM BALL, AND DOUGHNUT IS DUNKED

VINCENT, OUR NIECE, ANN HAS GRADUATED FROM SCHOOL AND I'M GOING TO GIVE HER A NICE COMING-OUT PARTY!!



LIKE THE PARTY WHEN SPIKE EVANS GOT OUTA JAIL, HUH?

OH, I'D LOVE TO HAVE A SWING BAND AT THE PARTY TOO!



VINCENT, GET A SWING BAND--BUT I WANT TO HEAR THEM PLAY FIRST!

BINGO MCOBOE IS JUST THE GUY--- HE'S STOPPING AT THE BUZZARD HOTEL!



BINGO, I'VE GOT A JOB FOR YOU AN' THE BOYS!! MY NIECE'S COMING-OUT PARTY!



VINCE, WE'RE TOO HUNGRY TO MOVE!

C'MON, BOYS-- I'LL FILL YA WITH GRUB, THEN YOU CAN DO YOUR STUFF FOR LALA !!



VINCE--- YOU SAVED OUR LIVES!

HERE'S YOUR CHECK, SIR!



WOW!! THESE GUYS ATE UP MY LAST CENT!!

C'MON NOW, BINGO--LALA IS WAITING TO HEAR YOUR BAND PLAY!



WHY--ER-- YOU'LL HAVE TO BRING 'ER TO 25 OAK ST., AS OUR INSTRUMENTS ARE THERE!

25 OAK STREET-- 25 OAK STREET?? THAT SOUNDS FAMILIAR--- WHY D'THEY KEEP THEIR INSTRUMENTS THERE?



LALA, I GOT A BAND--THEY WANT US TO COME TO 25 OAK ST., TO HEAR THEM PLAY--



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THEY DON'T COME! HERE!

VINCENT--WHAT IS 25 OAK ST.? A NIGHT CLUB WHERE THE BAND PLAYS?



I'M TRYING TO THINK, SIS--- 25 OAK ST.--??

NOW, I REMEMBER! MY WATCH IS IN THERE TOO!!



LOANS ON EVERYTHING

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LALA PALOOZA

By RUBE GOLDBERG

Registered U. S. Patent Office

ELBOW
PAD

SPONGE-
TIPPED
SHOE

SOUND-PROOF GLASS
GLOBE, TO ALLOW DANCERS
TO HEAR EACH OTHER
TALK.

DRESS
WITH
SPIKED
BACK

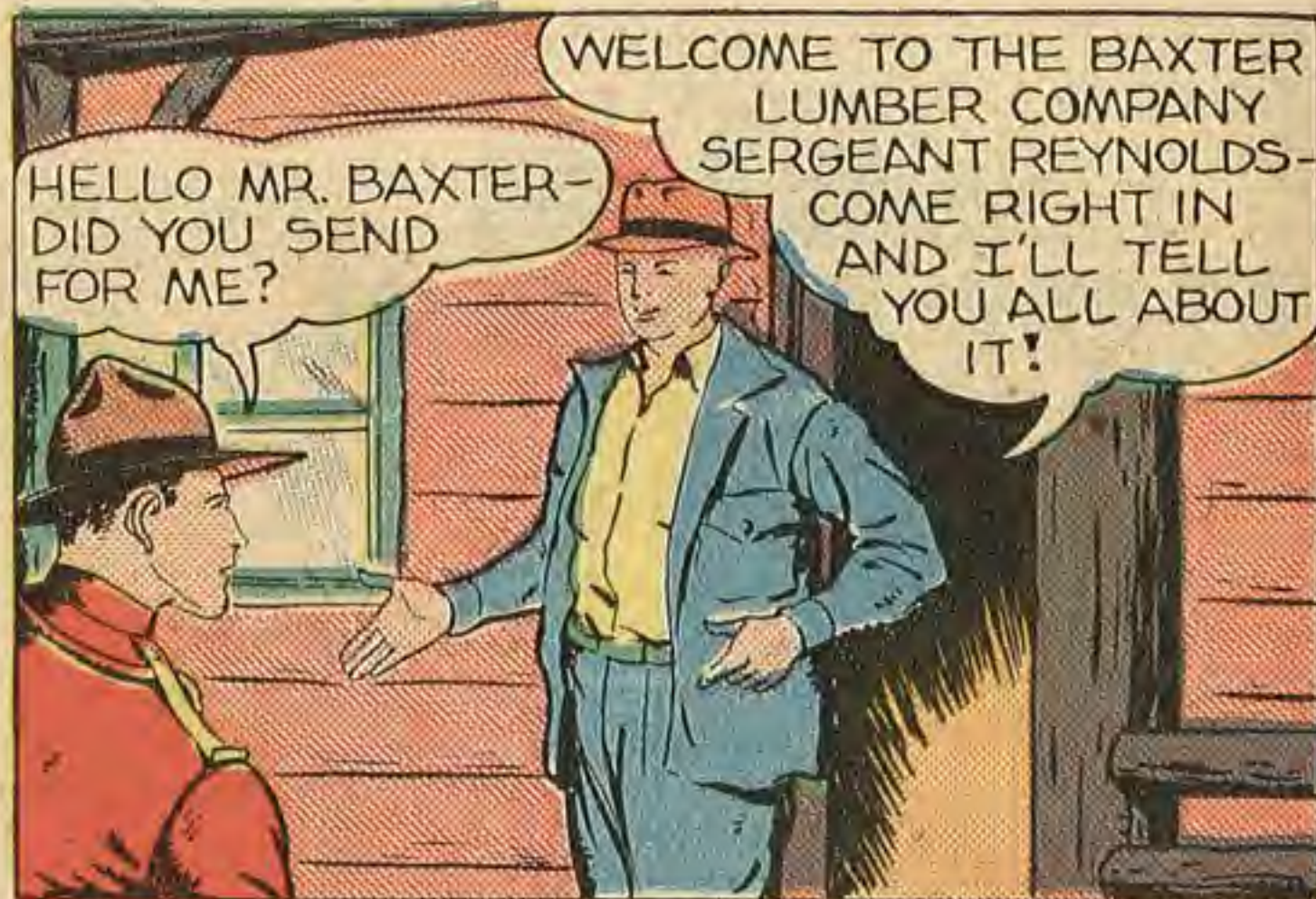
VINCENT'S DEVICES
FOR DANCING IN
SMALL, CROWDED,
NOISY NIGHT
CLUBS

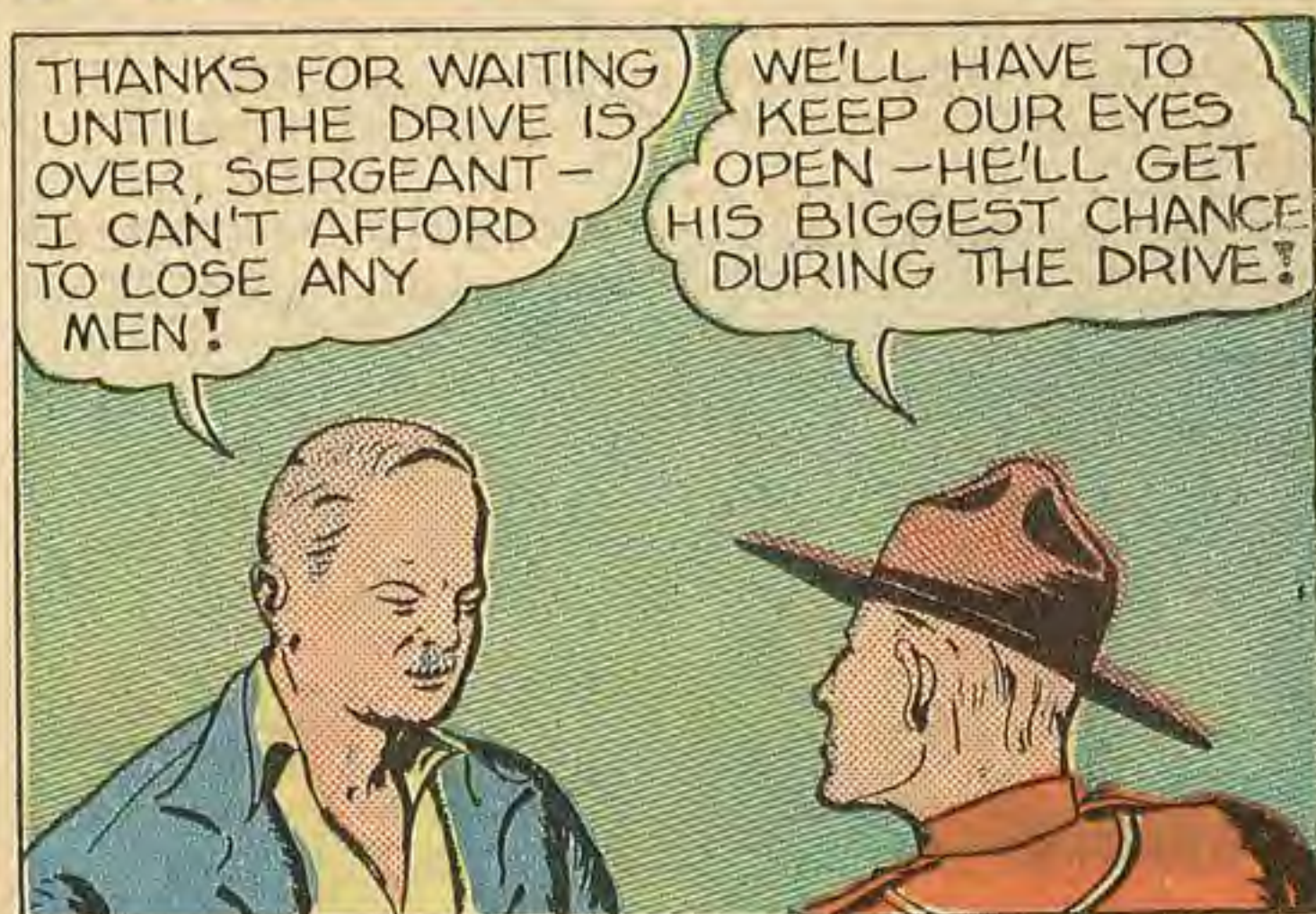
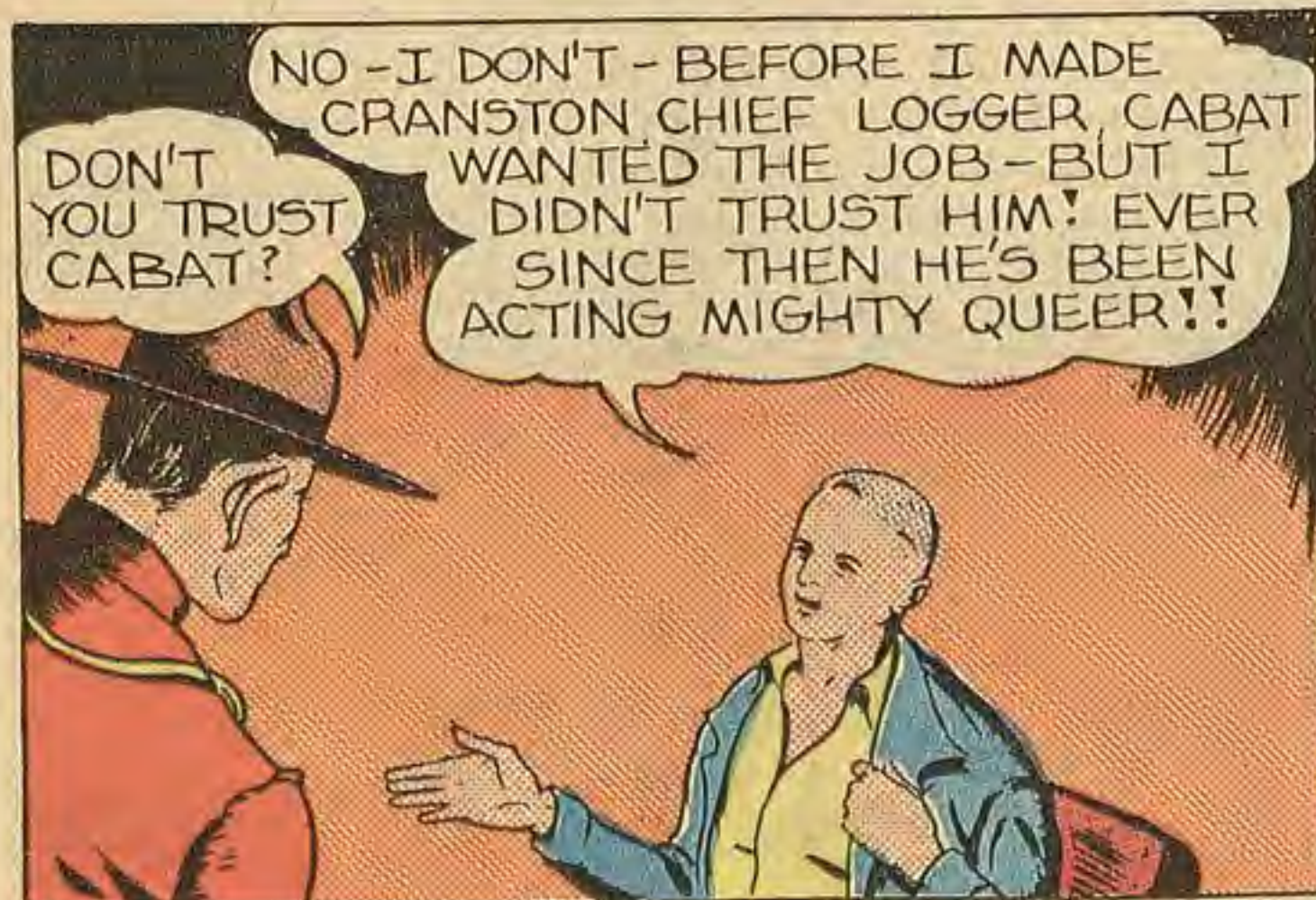


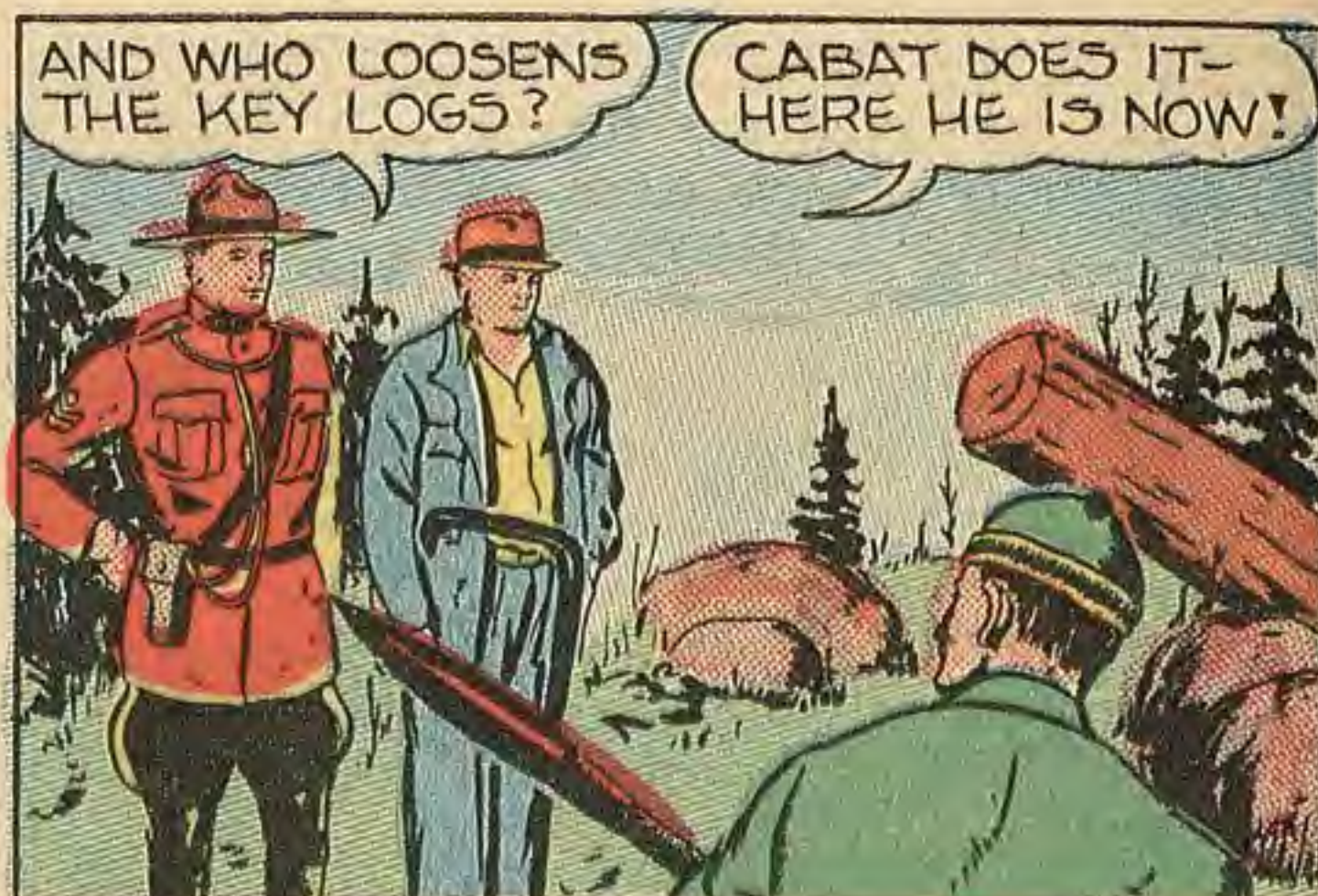
Follow Lala Palooza and Vincent in the May issue—on sale March 31st.

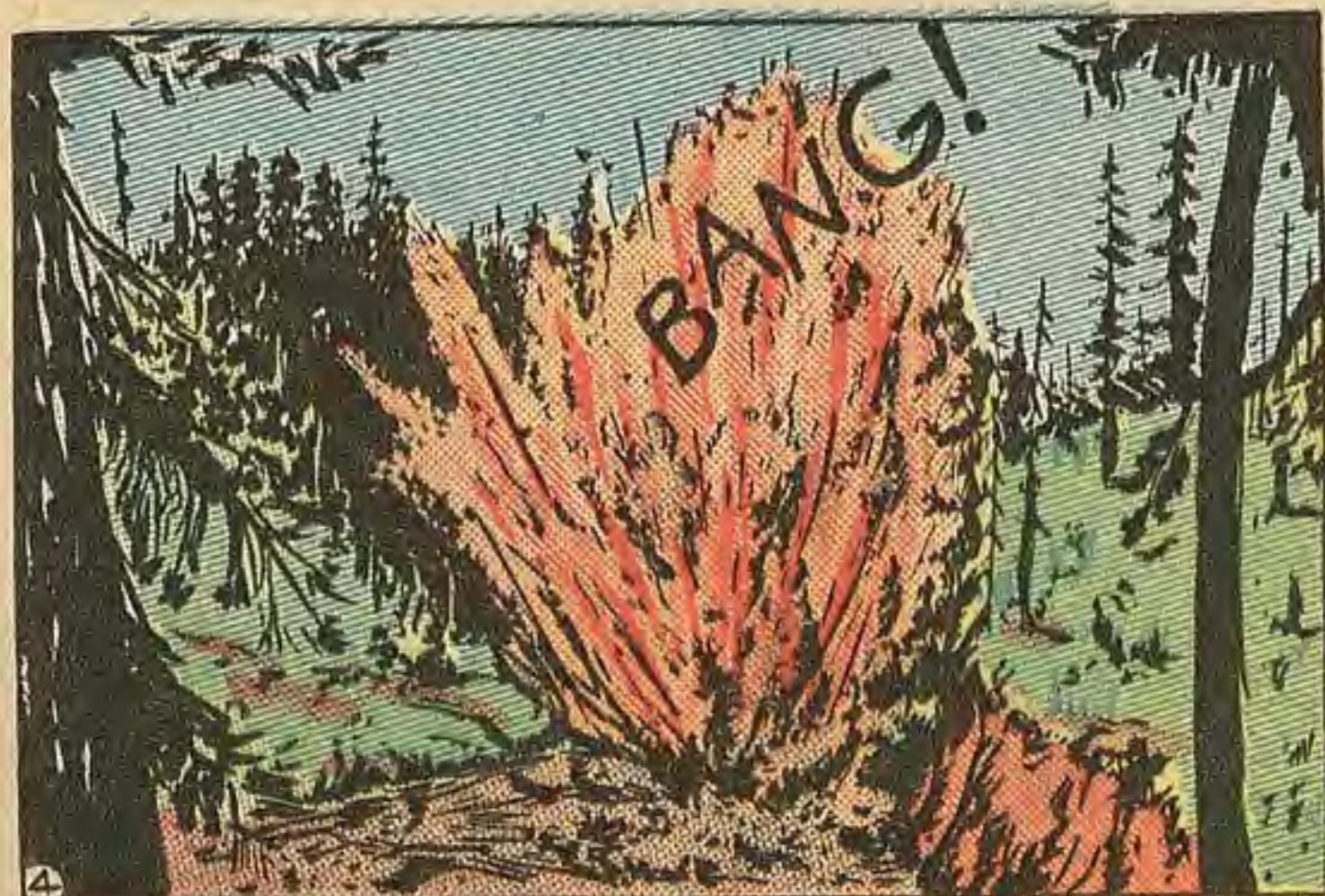
REYNOLDS of the MOUNTED

by
ART PINAJIAN







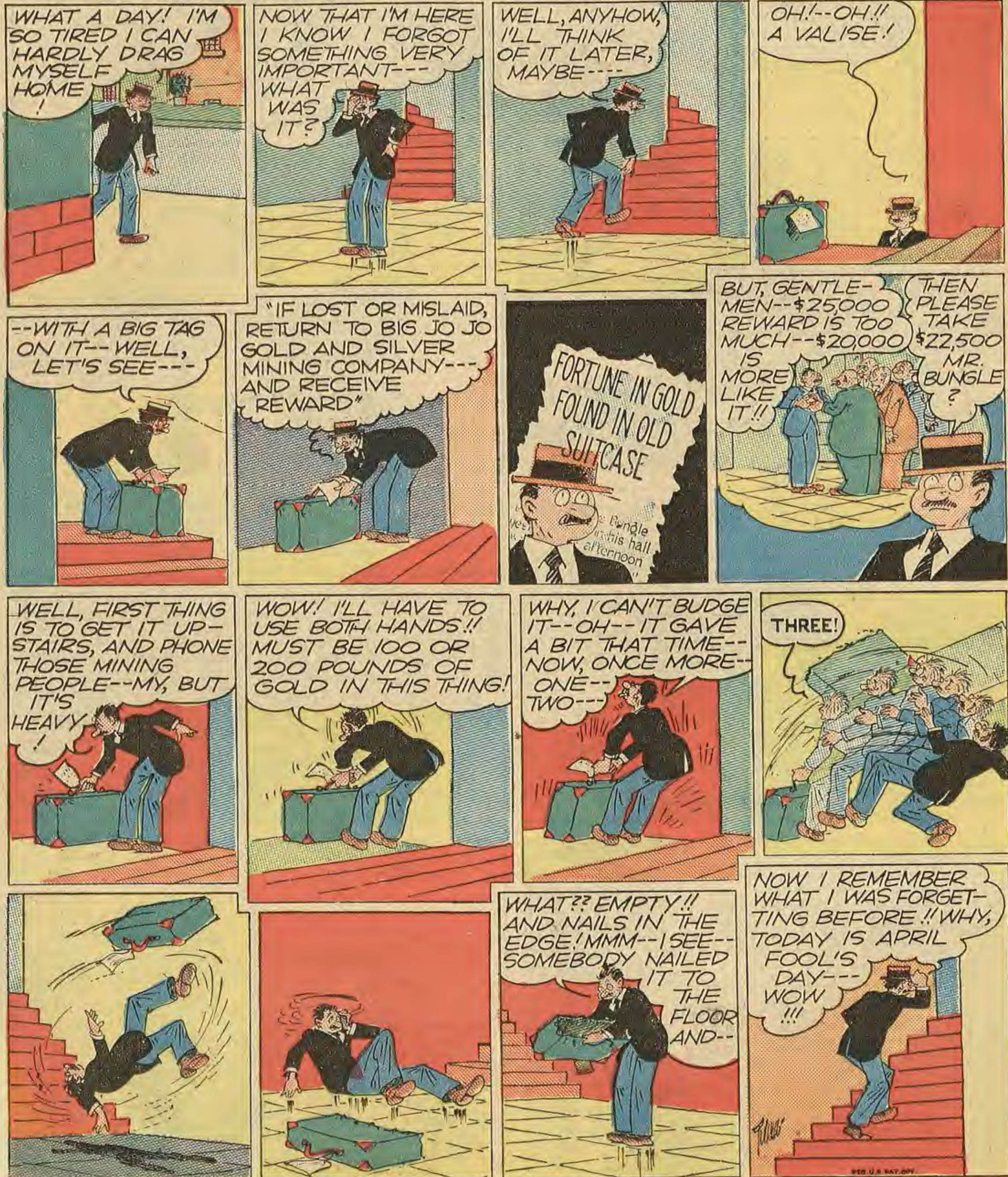




THE BUNGLE FAMILY

NEIGHBOR'S DAY

By H. J. TUTHILL
McNaught Syndicate, Inc., N. Y.





THE BUNGLE FAMILY

PROTECTING A FRIEND

By H. J. TUTHILL
McNair Syndicate, Inc., N. Y.



More of The Bungles in the May issue--on sale March 31st.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX

THE HEAD THAT CHANGED BODIES!
LINCOLN FULL-LENGTH PORTRAITS
WERE SO SCARCE DURING HIS PRESIDENTIAL
CAMPAIGN THAT MANY ARTISTS SWITCHED
LINCOLN'S HEAD TO OTHER MEN'S BODIES!
PICTURED ARE A FAMOUS PORTRAIT OF
JOHN C. CALHOUN AND A POPULAR COMPOSITE
LINCOLN PORTRAIT...



CELLULOID WAS
DISCOVERED IN A SEARCH
FOR A SUBSTITUTE FOR
IVORY BILLIARD BALLS...
BY THE HYATT BROTHERS,
Newark, N.J., 1869...

John Hix



2.48 INCHES OF RAIN FELL
AT PORTO BELLO, Panama,
IN 5 MINUTES...
-1911-

THE WINTER WREN
SINGS 16 NOTES A
SECOND...

ITS SONG OF
113 NOTES LASTS
LESS THAN
8 SECONDS
...



THE BIGGEST BIGHORN-
A WILD SHEEP WITH
HORNS 52 1/8 INCHES LONG
AND WITH A HORN SPREAD
OF 31 1/4 INCHES WAS
SHOT IN BRITISH COLUMBIA
by L.S. Chadwick and
Roy Hargreaves...
-1936-



NIPPIE

-HE'S OFTEN
WRONG!!



MICKEY FINN

McNaught Syndicate, Inc.

By LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE

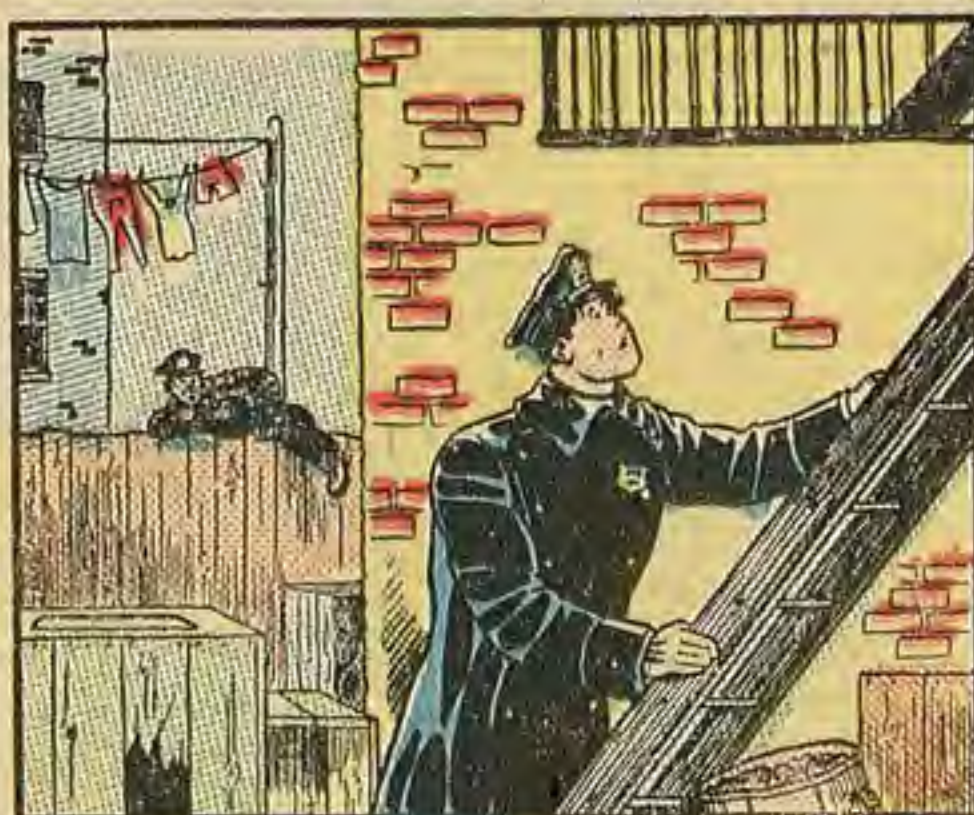
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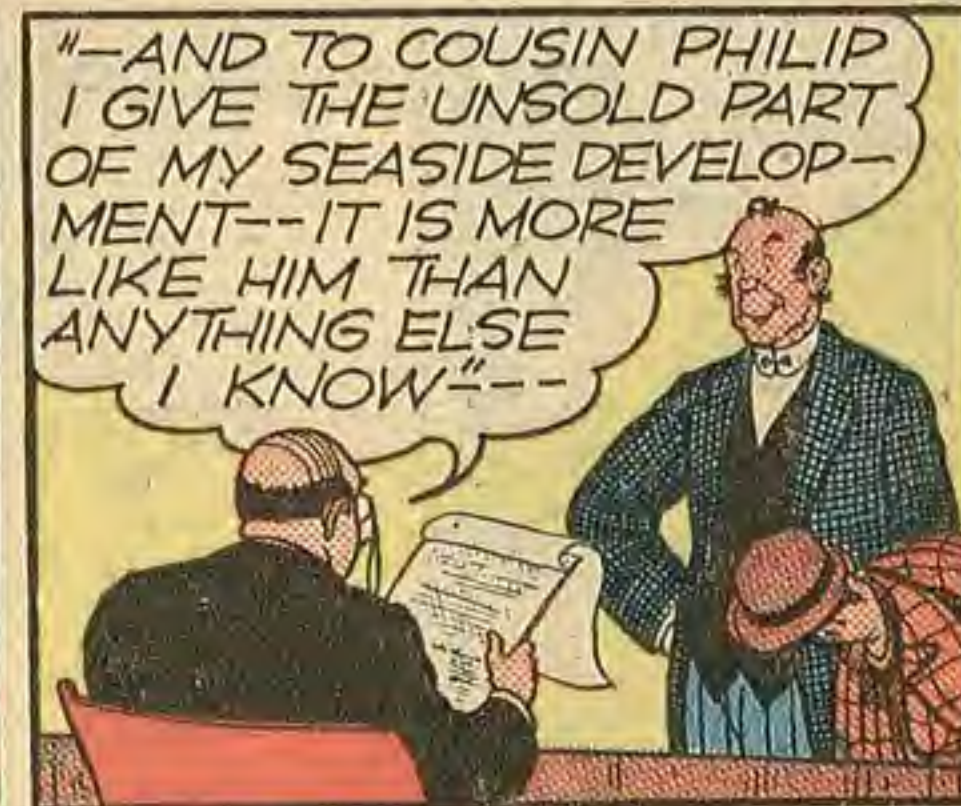
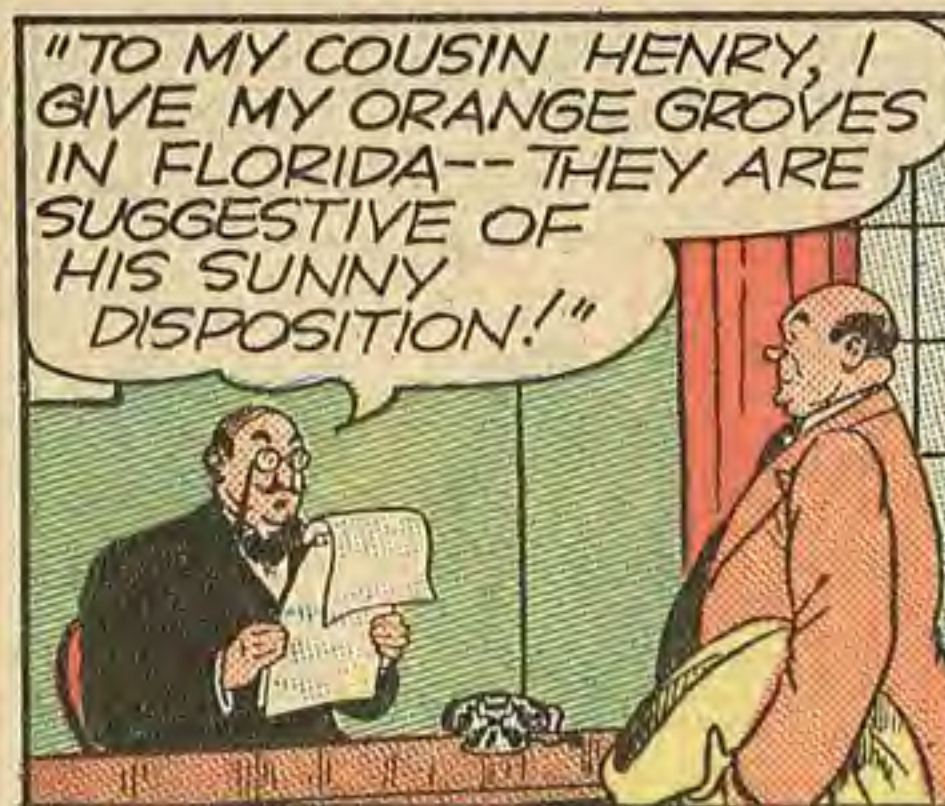




MICKEY FINN

McNaught Syndicate, Inc.

By LANK LEONARD





MICKEY FINN

McNaught Syndicate, Inc.

By LANK LEONARD



Follow Mickey Finn and Uncle Phil in the May issue--on sale March 31st.

FEATURE

FUNNIES

HOW do you like our new style heading on the cover? We think it is pretty snappy and is a great improvement over our old heading.

Continue to enjoy Joe Palooka, Mickey Finn, Jane Arden, Ned Brant, Lala Palooza, The Bungles, Dixie Dugan, The Clock, Off The Record, Toddy, Mortimer Mum, Gallant Knight, Archie O'Toole, Big Top, Slim and Tubby, Espionage, Captain Cook, Reynolds of The Mounted and Richard Manners each month with us. Remember the May issue goes on sale March 31st so order your copy from your regular newsdealer now.

You will probably be interested in learning that Jane Arden will soon appear in motion pictures. The first episode entitled "The Adventures of Jane Arden" will be released on March 4th. Watch for it at your neighborhood movie house.



JACK

FINDS NEW EASY WAY TO MAKE EXTRA MONEY AT HOME



SAY DAD, HOW CAN I
MAKE SOME
MONEY?



WELL, SON, I'LL GIVE YOU
A DIME A PAIR FOR
SHINING MY SHOES



GOSH, THIS IS A CINCH!
THREE PAIRS DONE
ALREADY!



LATER YES SIR! I EARNED
THE WHOLE OUTFIT WITH MY
SHINOLA HOMESHINE KIT

YOU CAN DO IT TOO!

GET STARTED NOW... SEND FOR YOUR HOME SHINE KIT, today!

IT'S EASY to make money at home
... with the handy SHINOLA
Home Shine Kit! This Kit contains
a dandy bristle dauber for applying
the polish, a genuine lamb's wool
polisher to work up a quick, bril-
liant shine, and a full-size tin of
either black or brown Shinola Paste
Polish. We'll mail you a Kit in a
hurry in return for the coupon be-

low (at left) and only twenty-five
cents! Get yours *now* ... start
making money *right away!*

FREE PLANS

Would you like to make a real
"professional" shine stand
to use at home? You can do
it, easy—with the complete
plans and instructions that
we'll send you free! Just mail
us the right-hand coupon
below for complete plans.



MAIL EITHER COUPON...OR BOTH...TODAY

KIT COUPON: 25¢

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Please send me the SHINOLA HOME SHINE KIT at once. I
am enclosing 25¢ (in currency). The polish in my Kit should
be BLACK ☐, BROWN ☐. (Check which.)

Name _____

Street _____

City & State _____

SHINE STAND COUPON: FREE

Hecker Products Corporation
Shoe Polish Division, Dept. FF 49
88 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me the plans and instructions for a shine stand
that I can build at home.

Name _____

Street _____

City & State _____